

# THE ROUND TABLE.

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### "SOUND MEN."

THERE is no popular delusion which has obtained a stronger hold in the minds of the many than the almost universal faith in a class of silent oracles who are known and spoken of as "sound men." The people look up to them with admiring awe, and give them credit for possessing stores of latent wisdom sufficient to store the brains of a dozen Solons. Such men are the mysterious deities of the masses, who worship them with the most confiding devotion. The personal appearance of these popular idols usually belongs to a uniform type. They are stout, burly fellows, who look red in the face, are smooth-shaved, with a tendency to be bald at middle age. In dress they incline to black, wear unexceptionable linen, carry a cane (often with a gold head), and wear a fob-chain on every occasion of a public character.

Now, as to the estimate placed upon such personages, it is too extravagant to find expression in words. They have the happy faculty of obtaining immense credit, not for what they do and say, but for what they do not do and say. The impression they create is that of a vast storehouse of undeveloped possibilities, which will blossom into a tropical luxuriance when warmed by the dawning sun of some great crisis in human affairs. They are, so to speak, "a rose about to blow, a fountain about to flow," but the perfect flow and the sparkling jet are never visible to mortal eye. Dwelling ever in the magnifying light of the imagination, they prevent all comparison between their ideal value and their real worth, whatever that may be. There is neither any authentic record, vague tradition, or common rumor of their ever having uttered a single word fraught with wisdom, but the people have the most steadfast faith in their ability to speak forth trumpet-tongued whenever an adequate occasion may arise. They are supposed to be walking verifications of the proverb that "still waters run deep;" their brains are believed to be teeming with unwritten epics, unspoken orations, and essays unevolved. The people look up to these representatives of profound silence with an expression which may be fairly interpreted by a trifling change in the words which Lady Macbeth addresses to her husband, "Thy face, my Thane, is as a book wherein I read great things."

Why it is that these fortunate performers of wisdom's pantomime should thus impress the masses, we cannot pretend to explain; but no one who has been a close observer of what is passing around him can have failed to note the fact. In the political world this phenomena is of frequent occurrence. The people are fond of placing the men whom they call *sound* in high official positions, where they can be viewed from lofty pedestals, whereon they seem to some gods of the Falstaffian type, with all of his grossness and none of his wit. Exhibitions of this sort are nowhere more common than in Congress, and may be found in different degrees of exaltation

from an alderman to a United States senator. We have in our mind's eye now a man who has held the latter position, whose only claim for the suffrages of the people ever was that he never said anything worthy of preservation, and never performed a single act of the least significance. Still, it might be said of his official chair that "he fills it up with great ability," for he is one of the most immensely fat men that ever got out of breath in lumbering up stairs. He is greatly given to sleeping when riding in the cars, and snores in such sonorous notes that the alarm-whistle of the locomotive can only be heard faintly by the brakemen on the train. At such times the people have an idea that he is dreaming out the great problem of existence, and that the dark curtain of the mysterious future is uplifted before his vision, and that he looks unabashed on things that will be in the coming years.

This human sphinx, who lies stretched out on the wide waste of popular credulity, gathers additional admiration as he passes into the mouldy uselessness of old age. Should he break the charm by giving utterance to an idea, his prestige would depart. His only merit is to preserve a majestic silence, to look wise, and establish the reputation of being a sound man. For our part we have no faith in this class of oracles, no reliance upon their social or political value as compared with the men who give expression to their ideas, and allow their claims for public favor to be tested by an intelligent judgment. We are convinced that these "sound men" are a humbug, with no greater wisdom than is manifested in their habitual reticence.

They are splendid negations, who stand in the way of, and thrust aside half of, the positive excellence of the world; and if there be any delusion from which the people ought to recover—any folly which they should throw to the dogs—it is their absurd veneration of what are known as "sound men."

### CITY AND COUNTRY,

WITH A GOOD WORD FOR THE CITY.

A SUPERSTITIOUS belief that the country is the only place in which to enjoy life during the dog-days prevails almost universally among that portion of metropolitan society prevented by circumstances over which it has no control from migrating in summer to the rural districts. The starlings who "can't get out" from exaggerated ideas of the felicity of the birds of passage who flee away to bucolic regions at the commencement of the heated term. But the stay-at-homes, we take leave to say, have no sound reason to envy the migrants. It is a vulgar error to suppose that, when the quicksilver of the thermometer is on the "rampage," the City can better his condition by beating up the quarters of the Fauns and Dryads. Country roads are dusty and as a general thing shadeless, and the umbrageous woods are breezeless. No continu-

ous blocks afford miles of shadow to the pedestrian, no brick and mortar air-ducts diverging to all points of the compass break the atmosphere up into currents and whirling eddies in the pastoral and sylvan land. To be sure the country mornings are sometimes cool and refreshing in July and August, and mother-earth, after being in tears all night looks quite pretty when the rosy dawn smiles in upon the weeping. But we are not fond of brushing

"—with hasty steps the dew away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

There is a good deal of rheumatism and diphtheria in dew. Its infinitesimal globules are by no means hygeian, but on the contrary promotive of "the shakes." It is a glorious thing to see the sun rise, but we are content to receive the fact on trust from the poets, without verifying it by personal observation. The world is good enough for us after breakfast; and we prefer a pavement cooled with sprinklings of the Croton to long grass saturated with insidious moisture that runs into our shoes.

Summer nights in the country are much eulogized of imaginative persons; but we decidedly prefer the urban article. In those delectable farmhouses where you get fresh eggs (boiled to the dyspeptic point of induration) and newly churned butter (so soft that it might not improperly be called cow-oil), they invariably sleep you on feathers. It is a point of conscience with the inhabitants of the yeoman districts to treat their summer guests as if they were suffering from rabies and required to be smothered in feather beds. One of these nuisances contents the farmer and his wife, but out of their exceeding hospitality they generally give a lodger two. They have no idea of curled hair mattresses, and would consider a bed with spiral springs disreputable. There is also a drawback connected with too many rustic bedsteads which we hesitate to name. Suffice it to say, in the language of the superstitious among the Scottish peasantry, that they are "aye haunted by the brownies." It is a matter of regret (especially with "summer boarders") that the farming interest is not more insectivorous.

As to the quiet of the country summer night, there is room for two opinions. We are not partial to bull-frog serenades, neither are owl solos agreeable to us. Upon the whole, we would rather hear Patti, or even Vestrali. Shakespeare intimates that rusties are

"—hushed by buzzing night flies to their slumber,"

but such music keeps the unaccustomed citizen awake. The rural night flies, as the town reader has no doubt observed, if he has ever trespassed upon their domain, have a special and spiteful antipathy to city persons. They put a double dose of poison into their tubular suckers when they assail the untanned stranger, and make most vituperative and taunting music in his ears. Upon the whole, we prefer the city mosquito to its

pastoral brother. It is more respectful in its tones and of less ferocious instincts.

Of rural edibles, the less said (and we may add the less eaten) the better. It would be a libel on the india-rubber tree to call farmhouse beef caoutchouc. And then the gravy! But "no more o' that!"—there are some things over which it is as well to draw a veil. The veal and lamb are a little better, naturally, than the beef, but the untutored Phyllis of the husbandman's kitchen misuseth them to that degree one wonders where she learned the trick of spoiling the gifts of Providence. Always ask a blessing on country meals. They need it! "But," says some unsophisticated member of the Can't-get-away Club, "the vegetables and fruit are so nice and fresh where they grow—and fruit and vegetables are pretty much all one wants in the way of eatables in hot weather." Sir, permit us to say that you labor under a mistake. If you have ever been ten miles beyond the bricks, you ought to know that in farmhouses they always serve their peas gray. They like their pulse mealy and not succulent. May heaven pardon the perverseness of their taste, for it is more than we can do. *Au contraire*, they despise mealy potatoes, and feed the esculent out to you in sodden state. They call their French beans "string beans," and very properly, for they never peel off the stringy part, so that they stick in your teeth like skeins of thread. Cucumbers, as a rule, they gather at high noon, and serve the warm slices up in warm vinegar. We are not sure that they don't heat the plate they macerate them in. They have a parboiled flavor that we shudder to recall, and are very deadly. If you escape with a mild attack of colic after a dose of them, think yourself well off. As to farm fruits, they are almost invariably worthless. No care is bestowed on their culture, and, as the small birds are frightened away from the premises with scare-crows, the insects have it all their own way with the cherries, plums, and peaches. Rusticus insists that the finches and sparrows devour his crops and his fruit, and so he makes war upon the best protectors of both, and thus gives countenance and support to the grubs and bugs and caterpillars. You may think you could teach him better, man of science; but you couldn't. We have tried the experiment, and know whereof we write.

The city market is the place for the kindly fruits of the earth. One gets them there in perfection. The newspaper's promises of delicious fruit and vegetables, made by country folk who advertise for "a few summer boarders," are for the most part a delusion and a snare. If you want your peas green and your peaches plump and sound, stick to the city.

Ice-cold water is a delightful thing when the "Dog Star" rages; but don't expect it in yeoman dwellings. There the jingle of winter's diamonds—that refreshing midsummer music that accompanies every city meal—is unknown. The "moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well" will afford you a cool drink if you choose to expend as much fluid in hauling it up as you can imbibe after having performed the task; but, as rustic families usually take their water lukewarm, you will seldom get a cold draught except at first hand.

We congratulate the caged birds of the metropolis on their inability to escape. Let them not beat their foolish heads impatiently against the wires. They are better off, during the summer solstice, in their own domicils, with all the warm-weather luxuries of the city within their reach, than they could possibly be in the country.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

Nature, when you come in contact with her, is rarely all your fancy painted her. She is pleasant "for a day," but not "for all (the summer) time."

#### SEA-SHORE FANCIES.

I.  
O PLEASANT waters, rippling on the sand,  
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,  
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,  
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,  
What snowy little feet at girlish play  
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

II.  
O waves, that foam around yon lonely rock,  
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,  
Has not some ship, beneath the tempest's shock,  
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?  
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,  
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

III.  
O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas  
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,  
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze  
Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy isles  
Where dusky maids make merriment alway—  
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

IV.  
O tossing billows, come ye from afar  
Where over ice-fields the Aurora beams,  
Dimming the radiance of the Northern Star  
That through the lengthened night of winter gleams  
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray?  
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

V.  
O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,  
Ye lave sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,  
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,  
And chill it with the breath of icy storms;  
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray—  
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

#### OF GOBBLING.

THE word "to gobble" is one of the many that have been originated by the lingual necessities of the present war. It seems somewhat synonymous with the word "capture," but involves completeness and suddenness. The lonely vidette, ambushed in dense forest-swamps, seeing naught but the rank herbage of a semi-tropic clime, and hearing naught save the mellifluous tones of the bullfrog and the weird cry of the horned owl, is swooped down upon by a hostile cavalry troop at dead of night, before he has time to utter the warning challenge, seized, disarmed, swung upon a horse, and abducted to the rebel camp without ceremony or delay; and this is "gobbling." The long, slow wagon-train, with its accompaniments of swearing teamsters and staggering mules, winds in a broken line through some dark and dangerous defile of gloomy pines, guarded only by a feeble detachment of invalid or crippled soldiers. Suddenly a battery opens from the crest of a copse-crowned steep, scattering the mules and teamsters and wrecking the foremost wagons, while a large body of the enemy close in rapidly at the rear. The guards fly or surrender, the drivers take to the woods, *saute qui peut*, and the train is "gobbled."

From such small incidents as these has the word arisen. It is applied also to enterprises of greater moment, but, alas, with the vague provisions of a future tense, and the appropriateness that belongs only to the "substance of things hoped for." A grand and triumphal "gobble" of the entire rebel army has been promised us over and over again by that creature of inscrutable sanguinity and infrangible hopefulness, the army correspondent; but the "gobble" has not arrived. Still more certainly have we been assured by the newsmongers of both sides that all the great raiding parties—Morgan's and Sheridan's, Mosely's and Grierson's, Ewell's and Hunter's—would be inevitably "gobbled" ere their return to the shelter of their respective lines. Vain hope; the wish has been too evidently the parent of the thought, and all these daring raid-riders have escaped on more than one occasion to tell their wondrous tales of adventure by flood and field.

The whole North, made sanguine by these promises, felt sick at heart, and the over-hasty

radical portion spoke bitterly of incapacity or disloyalty when the rebels safely retreated from their scourging at Antietam. Later, when Lee retired from the Golgotha of Gettysburg with all that remained of his army and his batteries, slowly and in good order, the same heart-sickness prevailed, though many of the cooler heads began to think that "gobbling" on a grand scale was not so simple an affair as the *Herald* and *Tribune* had led them to imagine.

To-day we witness another illustration equally pregnant. Some time ago the papers were full of accounts of General Grant's movement from the Chickahominy swamps to the other side of the James River, and the comments thereon were without exception laudatory to a degree hardly called for by a movement so urgently necessitated. We were assured that, though the Shenandoah Valley was left open, "measures had been taken" to prevent even the wildest possibility of a rebel sortie by that route; a precaution for which we were called upon to admire anew the sagacity and genius of our commanders. The borders of Maryland, too, we were told from time to time, were not only thoroughly and efficiently guarded, but by such forces as would undoubtedly "gobble" any body of the enemy that could be spared to penetrate so far. We do not know if human faith in human infallibility will ever be shaken. It seems doubtful. At all events, these paper protections and verbal forces were swallowed without question by the North, and any insinuation or suggestion concerning the insecurity of the border was looked upon as a disloyal or "copperhead" utterance. But the rebels came. The "measures" did not hinder them. The border-protections did not prevail against them. They swept through Maryland to the margin of Pennsylvania and to the gates of the national capital. Then, wearied with their hard riding and gorged with plunder, they quietly withdrew between two days, and a ceaseless line of dust-clouds arose throughout the desolated valley of the Shenandoah, denoting the roads by which the fat beeve and sturdy horses of the pillaged farmers were being driven into the back door of Richmond from their peaceful Maryland and Pennsylvania pasturage.

Of course, as soon as it was known that a force, considerable if not large, was "on the rampage" north of the Potomac, the credulous ones who serve as prophets to the daily press grew jubilantly sanguine again, and renewed their vows that a wholesale "gobble" should be the termination of this audacious raid. What else could happen? It was the last flicker of rebel desperation. Generals Wallace, Sigel, Couch, Ord, and Tyler would "gobble" these fellows to-morrow or the day after, leaving them not a fat cow or a sucking-pig of their plunder. And if by some miraculous, impossible fatality they should escape the impenetrable network by which they were hemmed in, General Hunter, with his veteran cavalrymen and unerring light batteries, was awaiting the moment when the foe should recross the Potomac, slowly retracing his steps, overlaid with spoils, to dash down with one fell swoop and "gobble" one and all. "Even supposing," said the enthusiasts, "just for the sake of the absurdity, that the rebels should slip by Hunter. They can't do it, you know, and no loyal man imagines they can; but just supposing it for a moment, they could never get into Richmond again. General Grant has his eyes open. He knows what is going on, and would send a force across the James and the Peninsula to meet the raiders. They're all tired out; they've lost any number of men; they're embarrassed with herds and trains, and before they knew it they would be 'gobbled,' every man of them!"

Happily for us, but unhappily for the prophets, General Grant does not know what is going on, and his eyes are far too wide open to allow of his



sending a portion of his army to be assailed by the returning raiders in front and the defenders of Richmond in the rear. Were he as foolishly sanguine and as ignorant as the prophets are, he would probably follow their idea and show us the first specimen of wholesale "gobbling" that the war has produced.

So, after all, the ungobbed raiders have once more ensconced themselves behind their fortifications to eat ungobbed beef, and to await the time when Grant's slow, methodical, and certain engineering shall compel them to surrender. The day may or may not be afar off. That it will come is the belief of most persons and the prayer of all; but in the meantime, when back doors are left wide open, purposely or otherwise, do not let us say that the prisoner cannot walk out, and when he has gone let us not be too sure that he will be "gobbed" by a guard of half his size and quarter his strength.

## UNWRITTEN.

I MAY not tell who told it me,  
I may not tell what mystic art,  
What charm of nature's ministry,  
Invoked the secret in my heart.

But it is mine to have, to hold;  
A perfect poem, full, complete,  
With all its passions fairly told  
In matchless verses pure and sweet.

A perfect poem, though unwrit;  
And so for ever it shall be;  
What grace of word or phrase were fit  
To trace its subtle imagery?

My pen would do it too much wrong;  
Perchance my tuneless mind would show  
Its sorry discords in the song  
That now is even in its flow.

And struggling bards whose words are gold,  
Let them be jealous as they may!  
My secret shall be kept untold,  
This ingot hid from their assay.

Still all my own, my claim is wide;  
Through moonlit avenues I tread,  
And gaze through vistas glorified  
With splendors from the heavens shed.

The silent portals bar the din  
Of care and pain, of sin and strife;  
I drink the wine that flows within,  
And feel its current in my life.

## ABOUT ISLANDS.

SEBASTIAN.—I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it to his son.

ANTONIO.—And, sowing the kernel of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

—The Tempest.

ISLANDS are the gems of the ocean, and in early times penniless princes did not disdain to search for these jewels in the remotest seas. Many such, scarce bigger than a man's hand, were worth a queen's dowry or a king's ransom. Island life has possessed a peculiar charm in all ages. It was on an island that the ancients located the abode of happy departed spirits. Their dreams of that favored place were colored by the rose. And the Odyssey, describing the fabled Atlantis, says: "There the life of mortals must be easy; there is no snow, nor winter, nor much rain, but Ocean is ever sending up the shrilly breathing Zephyrus to refresh man."

In the present advanced state of physical geography, one might perhaps be justified in attempting a new definition of an island, and instead of considering it, as boys were formerly taught, "a portion of land surrounded by water," we might define this formation a "submerged mountain." This, indeed, is the only description allowable in many cases. In the sea the mountains are as numerous as on the continents. The "Fire-Islands"

are simply the blazing peaks of submerged volcanoes, which sift themselves above the sea as the Andes lift themselves above the vapory veil of the clouds; and if we could descend along the slopes of these oceanic heights, we should find them encircled by varied zones of animal and vegetable life, which reproduce with greater or less degree of intensity all the phenomena that characterize the slopes of the Alps and Apennines. What marvels should we there behold! What magnificent purple coral groves should we see waving in the soft amethystine light. There the beautiful flora run riotously through the whole chromatic scale, the carnival of color is perpetual, and the deep-sea fruits are ever ripening on their graceful stems.

Yet many islands are not of this class, being nothing more than patches of continental forms that remain uncovered by the rolling waves. Others are the work of polypi, who wrought through countless ages, building their own mausoleum, and rising from the bottom of the sea to the surface at the rate of an inch in a hundred years. And these minute, unreasoning creatures built for themselves a more enduring tomb than that of the Cheops. Out of their sepulcher, too, comes life. Montgomery, in his poem of the "Pelican Island," beautifully describes the manner in which the coral reefs rise from the depths of the ocean, sprout with vegetable life, become the home of bird and beast, and finally of man, and has embalmed this theme for all time. Cowper has done the same for the "Ice Islands" which he once saw drifting on the bosom of the German Ocean. These mighty voyagers of the North glow upon the printed page of Cowper as they gleam upon the brilliant canvas of Bradford and Church:

"What view we now? More wondrous still! Behold!  
Like burnished brass they shine, or beaten gold;  
And all around the pearl's pure splendor show,  
And all around the ruby's fiery glow."

This notion of traveling islands, however, is not confined to ice-islands. According to the ancients, Delos, the birth-place and favorite isle of Apollo, floated under the sea, until it was made to appear by Neptune, who designed it as an asylum for Latona and her forthcoming son, the progeny of Jove.

The literature of islands is invested with all the charms of romance. How wonderfully tricky is Shakespeare's play of the "Tempest." Was not that a fortunate gale which cast the ship of his patron, Lord Southampton, upon a narrow island of the American coast? That tropic storm was of short duration, but it produced a "Tempest" whose sweet notes shall never die away from the ears of man. Of the immortal Shakespeare we may say, as he said of Coriolanus,

"His fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth."

Byron gives some charming pictures of island life in his poem on that subject. Says Neuha:

"How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,  
When summer's sun went down the coral bay!  
Come, let us to the islet's softest shade—  
And hear the warbling birds,  
The wood-dove from the forest's depths shall coo  
Like voices of the god from Balotoo."

What person has not at some period of his life grown weary of the turmoil of the populous city, and sighed for a home in some sunny spot far away from the abodes of men, where, as the

"Blind old Bard of Scio's rock isle"

imagines, the life of mortals is always easy and agreeable? Crusoe is the hero of every badgered school-boy; nor can the tired old man wholly divest himself of the illusions of childhood. Yet the boyish desire, when suddenly accomplished by some stroke of fortune, seldom affords any continued satisfaction. Selkirk, though "monarch of all he surveyed," felt that it would

be better to reign anywhere than in Juan Fernandez. The charms of solitude are perhaps nowhere so poorly appreciated as on islands, where life, to be truly delightful, must be supported by genial company. The face of man must be sharpened by the countenance of his friend. With a cultivated and observing companion, it is very well to be shut up for a time in one of those little islands such as the jesting sailor would fain put in his pocket. Then the

"Sweet siesta of summer day,  
The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,"

may possibly prove all that the poet imagines it to be. Torquil had some reasonable ground for satisfaction, when in his oceanic retreat

"By Neuha's side he sat and watched the waters—  
Neuha the sunflower of the island daughters."

Said Caliban, "This island's mine," and complained of Prospero, who, by the aid of magic, deprived him of his inheritance, and reduced him to the condition of a vassal. Yet who shall say that he did not gain more than he lost? However thick the berries in his water, poor Caliban must have felt the need of something more to render his residence and rule barely tolerable.

But in writing of islands it is not necessary to trench upon the borders of romance in order to sustain the interest of the subject. The literal truth is often quite as strange as fiction.

Byron's poem of the "Island" is drawn from an actual history, even in its most romantic details. The history of Neuha and Torquil is far from being a beautiful myth, and the oceanic cave of Hoonga is a veritable fact. Mariner and others visited and explored this curious grotto at an early day. He says it was first discovered by a young chief who was diving after a turtle. This cave is situated under a hollow rock rising sixty feet above the surface of the sea. There is no means of entering it, except by diving into the water at its base, which is sometimes a difficult performance on account of the swell of the sea. This cave is forty feet wide, and the interior of the roof is from thirty to forty feet high, being hung with fine stalactites which have a magnificent appearance when illuminated by torches. It is supplied with pure air by the pressure of the sea. One day while at Hoonga, Mariner was conducted to the spot in a boat by a native chief, who, upon their arrival, dove into the sea, followed by his fearless companion, guided, exactly as Byron states, by the stream of light which trailed after the heels of the savage. The light which reached the interior being too dim, Mariner swam out again, and brought down his pistol, powder, and some combustibles, all securely bound up in *gnatoo*, and kindled a fire with the aid of the powder. It was in this retreat, known only to himself, that a young chief, during a bloody insurrection, found an asylum for his mistress, whose life was sought by the *tooi*, or governor, and who otherwise must have perished. Here he supplied her wants and for a long period maintained a style of barbaric splendor. For her were the choicest mats, the finest *gnatoo*, the most delicious cocoa-nuts, the rarest sandalwood, and the sweetest oil. Finally, however, he found means of conveying his love to the Fiji Islands, where they remained together in security until the death of the usurper, when they returned to Hoonga, and, as the saying is, lived long in the enjoyment of happiness and prosperity.

Whoever would know more of the loves of Neuha and Torquil, of their mutual faith, of their courage, their patience, and their hope, can read it all in the "Island," a poem which, while it falls below some of the author's larger productions in strength and genius, nevertheless abounds in passages of exquisite melody and beauty, and gives some useful hints about islands.

## REVIEWS.

## HERBERT SPENCER'S "FIRST PRINCIPLES."

THE "First Principles" of Mr. Herbert Spencer is the most important if not the most interesting of the whole series of volumes which he has issued or proposes to issue of the "new system of philosophy." It is the most important because it is fundamental to them all. If these principles are valid, his system will stand, and its splendid promises will be fulfilled. If they are unsound, the whole structure will fall, and its brilliant promises will prove to be plausible pretensions.

It is also the most interesting; for though it is more abstract than the others, yet it brings the mind in contact with themes that always fascinate, even though they bewilder and blind the vision of him who gazes too long and too intently upon them. It ranks in its claims with the few books that have been written upon the foundations of science and of faith. It aims to define the nature, the limits, and the authority of each. But while it is lofty in its promises, it is modest in its mien. It grapples with topics usually considered the most elusive and obscure, but its conceptions are apparently clear, the diction is always transparent, and the logic seemingly unbroken. The first impression which it makes is that the author has reflected profoundly upon every possible aspect and relation of the questions which he discusses, and that he has mastered the entire field of human science, so as to be familiar with all its achievements. The confidence with which the author disposes of the most intricate problems of human speculation, the readiness and fullness with which he cites the last results and discoveries in the sciences of nature and of the soul, give authority to the positions which he calmly propounds, and invest with the evidence of demonstration the system which he seems compelled to build.

The volume is divided into two parts, entitled "The Unknowable" and "The Laws of the Knowable." The discussion of the first of these topics he introduces by considering the assumed irreconcilability of religion and science, and the consequent animosity which is cherished by the advocates of each toward the other. This, he argues, is most unreasonable, for the attachment of both to their appropriate sphere is of itself sufficient proof that there is a reason for it on each side. To find the deepest ground which shall mediate between and reconcile the conflicting claims and hostile feelings of these seemingly variant forces is the problem of the author.

He first considers what he calls "ultimate religious ideas." All men ask concerning the universe "What is it?" and "Whence comes it?" Those questions press for a solution. The human soul cannot be satisfied without finding some answer. When one reply fails, it immediately sets up another. But when it scrutinizes the last which it has gained, even this is involved in inseparable difficulties and unreconcilable contradictions. When it has gone the round of all possible hypotheses, it finds them alike untenable, for each and every one falls in upon itself through the insecurity of the foundation or the weight of the superstructure. If we ask after the origin of the universe, we may assert that it is self-existent, or self-created, or created by external agency. But each assertion is beset with fatal difficulties. We cannot reconcile either with itself or with our own power to think or conceive it. In like manner, when we conceive of the nature of the universe, we encounter difficulties equally formidable. We cannot conceive a first cause, nor an infinite cause, nor an independent

cause. Here he appeals to Mr. Mansel and quotes largely from him in support of the view that the mind cannot conceive because it cannot define the infinite and the absolute.

Our first conclusion from the startling discovery that atheism, pantheism, and theism are alike unthinkable, is that there is no truth at the foundation of either or all of them. But this, asserts Mr. Spencer, would be a mistaken inference. Though all these theories fail alike to solve the problem, yet they all agree in this, that there is a problem to be solved, that there is in the universe a mystery pressing for interpretation. But it is a principle which we cannot question, that, in all human beliefs which are persistent under changing guises of error, there must be some soul of underlying truth. In the varying forms of religious faith, there is then a single truth, but inasmuch as no hypothesis concerning the origin of the universe is thinkable, we are compelled to believe that it is a transcendent and an absolute mystery. In the assertion of this truth all religions are at one with each other, and may be at one with all philosophies. If religion and science are to be reconciled, they can be harmonized on the basis of "this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts—that the power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable."

But as yet we have considered only one side of the matter. We turn next to the ultimate ideas of science to learn whether they in like manner elude and baffle our scrutiny, so as to fulfill the anticipation which has been raised by the result of our inquiries concerning those ideas of religion. These are space, time, and force in the domain of matter, and the phenomena and subject of consciousness in the sphere of spirit. These are alike inconceivable in themselves and represent realities which cannot be comprehended. If we suppose the appearances, properties, and movements of things can all be resolved into manifestations of force and space and time, yet force, space, and time themselves pass all understanding. If all mental phenomena carry us back to the soul and its states, yet of the nature of the soul and its states we can comprehend nothing. In science, then, as truly as in religion, we are brought face to face with an insoluble enigma. We realize the utter incomprehensibility of the simplest fact considered by itself. We know that in its ultimate essence nothing can be known.

Having surveyed the ultimate ideas of religion and of science, we find them alike insoluble. They are "merely symbols of the actual, not cognitions of it."

We reach the same result when we consider the nature of the human intelligence. We prove that our cognitions are not and never can be absolute by analyzing the products which result from our thinking and the process by which we think.

When is an event or phenomenon explained or known? When it is referred to a class of events or phenomena with which we are familiar. This familiar class of phenomena is in its turn explained when it is referred to a class still more general, and so on. But this process, it is obvious, cannot go on indefinitely. The highest generalization, if it be ultimate, cannot be explained by one that is higher. If to comprehend is to refer to a wider and more comprehensive law or phenomenon, this law must itself be incomprehensible.

If we examine the product of thought, we shall reach the same inference. As Hamilton and Mansel both teach, everything which we think is thought in relation to something else, either as being not this something or as similar to it. Now the first cause, the absolute, cannot be thus known, for, being absolute, it cannot be known either under relations of difference or similarity.

The same result appears from the analysis of intelligence as the highest form of life. Life, including intelligence as its highest manifestation, is maintained only when internal relations are adjusted to or co-ordinated with those which are external. "Thinking being relationing, no thought can ever express more than relations." But can we be satisfied with this view to which simple logic seems to shut us up? Can we rest in this conclusion to which the analysis of both Hamilton and Mansel seems inevitably to conduct us? By no means, says our author. The analysis of the process and the product of knowledge would compel us to this view of the question when considered in its logical aspect; but, when viewed in an aspect more general or psychological, it yields an entirely different result. We have a double consciousness—a consciousness that is *definite*, of which logic formulates the laws, and an *indefinite* consciousness, which cannot be formulated. To say that we cannot know the absolute is to postulate that there is an absolute. To deny that we can affirm what it is, is to affirm that it is. "In the assertion that all our knowledge, properly so-called, is relative, there is involved the assertion that there exists a non-relative." "From the necessity of thinking in relations, it follows that the relation is itself inconceivable, except as related to a real non-relative." "Unless a real non-relative or absolute be postulated, the relative itself becomes absolute." Neither in the processes nor the products of our intelligence can we rid ourselves of the consciousness that such an absolute is actual. We must therefore believe that it is.

After defending and illustrating these positions at great length, the author proceeds to apply them to reconcile the conflict which he supposes to exist between religion and science. If religion had been true to the real truth on which she rests, this conflict would never have arisen. If she had been content to affirm that she has no knowledge of that which transcends all knowledge, all would have been well. But she has not been content with this. With one breath she has asserted that the cause of all things passes understanding, and with the next breath has claimed that the cause of all things possesses certain attributes, or can in so far be understood. In this she has been untrue to her proper assumption, and has become irreligious. From these unauthorized assumptions science has been continually beating her back, explaining, by some discovered law, every effect and influence in nature which religion has accounted for by the direct action of a divine personality or some attribute or feeling which belongs only to the finite. Science also has been unscientific so far as she has accepted personified agencies in the place of ascertained relations and generalized laws. Especially has she erred when she has denied that the "inscrutable absolute" exists, out of which she has been evolving a still greater number of determined relations. Against this denial of science religion has lifted her constant protest. The conflict of science and of religion has resulted from the imperfections of each that were incident to their immature and advancing condition. "A permanent place will be reached when science becomes fully convinced that its explanations are proximate and relative, while religion becomes fully convinced that the mystery it contemplates is ultimate and absolute."

In respect to the forms of thought under which men conceive the absolute, it becomes the man of science to be patient and tolerant. Many of them may try his patience and his temper. But he must remember that though none of these can be true and none can be permanent, yet each serves a useful purpose in its time, inasmuch as it is best adapted for the generation which adopts it. As one generation succeeds another, fewer limited or unworthy conceptions will be attached to the

\* First Principles of a New System of Philosophy. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.



great inscrutable; and the man of science may wait with serene expectation till the grand consummation be ushered in when the absolute shall be recognized in the glory of its ineffable inscrutableness, and science herself, having completely mastered all that is knowable of the finite, shall worship in mute wonder at the thought of the unknowable.

Such is the most condensed statement which we could possibly give of Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable. Dry and thorny as is the path over which we have led those of our readers who have had the courage to follow us, and dreary and arid as is the region to which it brings us, it was necessary to take this brief survey of his reasonings and their results in order that our brief criticisms of them might be in the least intelligible. We subjoin the following:

I. Mr. Spencer's recognition of the speculative theories of present and past ages is very limited. We say his recognition of these speculations, not necessarily his knowledge of their import and validity. It would scarcely be courteous to assert of a writer so familiarly acquainted with the acquisitions and theories of physical science, and so acute in judging them, that he is ignorant of the reach and results of ancient and modern metaphysical speculation; but we cannot be mistaken in saying that he *ignores* all these, with the exception of what Hamilton and Mansel have made ready to his hand. To the speculations of these writers he seems to have been attracted because they furnished brief and condensed arguments ready for his use to apply and to criticise as he might think best. He does not appear to know—certainly he does not notice the fact—that Kant, in the "Critique of Pure Reason," has stated his own doctrine of logical antinomies on broader and more varied applications than he himself has done, and that Kant was the source from which both Hamilton and Mansel in great part derived their inspiration. Nor does he notice that Spinoza, to say nothing of the later German philosophers, has given to the absolute nearly the same place with respect to both science and religion to which he assigns it, creating the same difficulties and furnishing the same solutions. Physics is the appropriate field in which Mr. Spencer is most at home. For his physics he has thought out, with the aid of certain guides, a system of metaphysics, though, in our private opinion, rather poor and defective in principle and unsatisfactory in their application. These metaphysics he was tempted to try upon ultimate religious ideas as well, and finding that the results of this application would square with his religious creed, he calls all the world to witness how happily science and religion, as he views them, are reconciled in the doctrine of the real but unknowable absolute. We do not deny him the merit of acuteness in criticising Hamilton and Mansel, but that he should either not know or not notice the circumstance that their doctrines are very generally regarded as unsound both in philosophy and theology, detracts greatly from our confidence in his competence to say the last and decisive word in either. That he should treat these teachings as uncontroverted in the schools indicates more of the dexterity of the advocate than the comprehensiveness which becomes a philosopher.

II. His own conceptions and definitions in psychology are vague and inconsistent. In chapter ii., section 9, he fails to do justice to the difference between the processes of imagination and conception, resolving all thought into vivid and concrete representation; and afterward commits the contrary, even when, in his zeal for another object, he resolves all knowledge into classification, denying cognition that he may exalt recognition. He argues abundantly from both the process and the product of intelligence to prove that all knowing is the discernment of

relations, expending many pages of long-drawn arguments to show that it must be so, and citing the most copious and varied examples to prove that it always is so. He both quotes and adopts as his own the reasonings of Hamilton and of Mansel to the same effect, and then all of a sudden there occurs to him, or he brings out from its hiding-place, a thought which he has been keeping back in reserve, that these varied arguments and manifold illustrations only hold good of the logical side or aspect of knowledge, but not at all of the psychological. He then propounds briefly the grand discovery that is for ever to reconcile science and religion, that we can psychologically apprehend that the absolute is, though we cannot know logically what it is. What is the psychological power by which we can gain this apprehension he does not fully explain, nor what is the process, nor what is the result. He simply says that the fact is so because the mind cannot help performing the process and believing in its result. Both of these arguments for the reality of intuitive knowledge are very good reasons in their place and in the mouth of any but a writer who has previously demonstrated that such knowledge is in every way inconceivable and impossible. They are especially out of place in the scheme of a writer whose doctrine of evolution requires him to develop the power of intelligence as a higher potency of the power of life, and which shuts him up to believe that all knowledge whatsoever, both logical and psychological, must be some form of the co-ordination of internal to external relations. Pray, where among these is there place for intuition as the subjective and for the absolute as the objective?

Moreover, after having been forced to refute his own reasonings, and to deny the spirit and teachings of his own metaphysics, psychology, and physics, so far as to accept an intuition that the absolute is, though what it is cannot be known, he does not feel called on to adjust the one kind of knowledge to the other, but proceeds to cry out *eureka*, with a haste and exposure more unseemly than that of Archimedes. In his zeal to display and apply his newly discovered solvent that is to make atheism theistic and theism atheistic, he forgets to try whether the first effect of the new ingredient will not be to destroy its antagonists in a grand explosion rather than unite with it in peaceful combination.

III. His doctrine of the absolute is variable and inconsistent. When he argues against the conception, it is a mere logical abstractum, and means no more nor less than a non-relative, concerning which it has been the easy task of every one, from Spinoza to Mansel, who has chosen to spend his time in comparing empty formulæ with one another, to prove that a relative cannot be a non-relative.

But when he defines or rather describes his psychological absolute, he fails to see and to confess that this cannot be a logical non-relative. He tries to treat it as such by insisting that we only know *that it is* and do not know *what it is*. He struggles to keep it out of the category of the related by urging that what we have is only the persistent remnant after every concrete relation has been removed. But his own speech at times will betray him. He cannot but speak of it as a relative. For example, he asserts that the comprehensive inquiry of every man in respect to the universe is, Whence comes it? In other words, man is impelled to account for its origin and its being. If this be so, then what is found under this impulse, even though it be called the absolute, must hold a relation to the universe, viz., the relation of causation. He says expressly, "It is our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that *through which all things exist* as the unknowable." Again, he asserts repeatedly that finite events and phenomena are to be regarded not as revelations of the nature or

attributes of the absolute, but only as *symbols* of it, forgetting that a symbol must represent some relation or other, otherwise it would symbolize nothing. Then, again, he asserts that the finite manifests the infinite.

Last of all, he brings together his two incoherent conceptions in the following language: "It follows that the relative is itself inconceivable, except as *related* to a real non-relative." A simple man might ask, If a relative can be related to a real non-relative, then must not a real non-relative, viz., the absolute, be capable of being related to a relative? He even goes so far as to argue that "if the non-relative or absolute is present in thought only as a mere negation, then the *relation* between it and the relation becomes unthinkable," not regarding the palpable impropriety involved in speaking of the *relation* of the *absolute* or *non-relative* to anything or thought.

This variable and inconsistent thinking and speaking concerning the absolute is no novelty among metaphysicians. It strikes us, however, that, as one use of the term is the only ground for the author's inference that it is unknowable, and the other sense makes it proper to believe that it exists, the author who rests a grand discovery on what is a mere thimble-rigging in the use of terms in which he cannot always clear himself from linguistic blunders is not to be trusted when he calls all the world to accept the conclusion that positive religion is to be tolerated only when it confesses itself to be necessarily false, and science will become religion when it is emancipated from the obligation to be devout except at the altar of the unknowable.

IV. Mr. Spencer's ignorance of the intellectual scope and philosophic reach of the great theologians of the Christian church is pitiable, and his conceptions of the attitude which the church assumes toward science are only to be excused by the narrowness of his own actual knowledge, or the still more obstinate narrowness of a willful misconstruction that grows out of the determination to impose upon another doctrines which the critic thinks he ought to hold. That theology and theologians, that religion and religionists are often inconsistent and self-contradictory in their statements, and jealous and overbearing in their attitude with respect to science, and that they are frequently innocent of philosophic exactness of speech, is to be conceded. Especially is it true that in England the metaphysics of both religion and science have been studiously depreciated by the church; but this by no means justifies that in Mr. Spencer which is either ignorance of the achievements of the abler theologians in the line of metaphysical thinking, or a stolid unwillingness to do justice to their claims.

V. Mr. Spencer's own physical philosophy is as unsatisfactory as are his theological metaphysics. His doctrine of the knowable in the second part of this volume displays abundant knowledge of the discoveries and results of modern science, and includes the broadest generalizations concerning the correlation of forces and the most audacious conjectures concerning the doctrine of evolution. But when he propounds his theory of the ground of our confidence in the universality of law and the validity of induction—when he is forced by the rigor of his own deductions and the nicety of his own analysis to expose the baselessness of his own postulates, he shows more of the narrowness of the bigot, who, because he has fully mastered his own domain, assumes to himself to measure all opinion and all philosophy by the dicta of his own science, than the insight of the philosopher who has penetrated to the foundations on which all the sciences rest and has traced out the intricate relationships of the common bond which unites them together. Had he been more of a philosopher and less of a metaphysician—had he been less violently and bigotedly anti-neological in his training and associations, he might

have followed out some of the really fine trains of thinking on which he has started, so as to see that even his physical philosophy would discover in them the most satisfactory solution for its postulates, and that there is both a psychological and philosophical necessity for man to find the origin of the universe in a knowable absolute of whom both forces and laws, matter and spirit, space, time, and motion are the interpretable "manifestations" and the significant "symbols."

VI. Mr. Spencer's qualifications to act as the expounder of a new system of philosophy are in some respects admirable, in others they are lamentably deficient. He has great knowledge of facts, untiring patience in analysis, indomitable courage to persevere, a decided taste for the highest generalizations, a marvelous subtlety in following out single trains of thought, as well as a masterly skill in expressing their results in language and illustrating them by pertinent examples.

On the other hand, he is either signally deficient in the architectonic power of bringing together his generalizations into a harmonious system, or so deeply and hopelessly committed to atheism in theology and materialistic evolutionism in science, that he deserves to be set down as an impracticable and splendid theorist, rather than as a comprehensive and profound philosopher. We join with his devoted adherents in valuing his writings for single admirable features, but we must be excused from accepting his system of philosophy.

## LITERARIANA.

### AMERICAN.

The poetry of Leigh Hunt, while it resembles in some particulars that of certain other English poets whose schools were akin to his, has still something which is peculiarly his own. It is not easy to define this element of originality, which seems to consist of an exuberance of animal spirits wedded to extreme naturalness of expression: the head of a man and the heart of a child could alone have produced it. The latter, indeed, sometimes predominates, and while it lends a sort of charm to Hunt's verse, betrays it into colloquialisms which force a smile. His language, choice as it often is, too frequently runs wild, trailing itself around and entangling his thought. This defect of style is very noticeable in his early productions; the later ones bear evidence of careful, artistic pruning, and, judged according to the standard by which they were written, are nearly perfect. A few, as "Abou Ben Adhem," "Jenny kissed me when we met," and the sonnet "On the Nile," are perfection itself.

The American reader, while he may be familiar with the best poems of Leigh Hunt, can hardly have seen all that he has written in verse, the only American edition of his poetical works being rather a selection than a complete edition. It is true that it was made by Hunt himself for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, in whose charming "blue and gold" series of popular authors it fitly belongs; still it omits some poems, chiefly belonging to his early period, which his admirers would wish to preserve. We have ourselves three or four volumes hardly represented in it—his "Mask of Liberty," his translation of Tasso's "Aminta," and a collection entitled "Foliage," published by him in 1818, and reprinted at Philadelphia in the same year. The latter volume is before us now. It opens with a poem in two parts, entitled "The Nymphs"—an attempt to realize the ancient mythology of Greece and to recall "the finer people of the earth,"

"Nymphs of all names, and woodland geniuses."

Carelessly written, it is exceedingly fresh and natural, and as picturesque as the best portions of "The Fairy Queen." It seems to have been inspired by the "Endymion" of Keats, which was written about this time, if our recollection serves us. In place of this rather vague criticism, however, let us give a sample of it in the following delicious glimpse of the Naiads:

Those are the Naiads, who keep neat  
The banks from sedge, and from the dull-dropp'd feet  
Of cattle that break down the fibrous mould.  
They snap the selfish nets, that overhold,  
Cross the whole river, and might trip the keels  
Of summer-boats. Theirs are the kind appeals  
And unseemly beckoning, looking baits of grass,  
That win the sheep into their washing place;  
And they too, in their gentleness, uphold  
The sighing nostrils of the stag, when he  
Takes to the wringing water wretchedly;  
And tow'rd the amorous nook, when some young poet  
Comes there to bathe, and yet half thrills to do it,

Hovering with his ripe locks, and fair light limbs,  
And trying to cool his cheeks and brims,  
There win him to the water with sweet fancies,  
Till in the girdling stream he pants and glances.  
There's a whole bevy there in that recess  
Rounding from the main stream: some sleep, some dress  
Each other's locks, some swim about, some sit  
Parting their own moist hair, or fingering it  
Lightly, to let the curling air go through:  
Some make their green and lilted corollae new;  
And one there from her tender instep shakes  
The matted sedge: a second, as she swims,  
Looks round with pride upon her easy limbs:  
A third, fast holding by a bough, lets float  
Her slumberous body like an anchored boat,  
Looking with level eye at the glib flakes  
And the strange crooked quivering which it makes,  
Seen through the weltering of the watery glass:  
Others (which make the rest look at them) pass,  
Nodding and smiling in the middle tide,  
And luring swans on, which like fountal things  
Eye poutingly their hands: yet following, glide  
With unsuspicious lift of their proud wings.

"The Nymphs" is followed by "Fancy's Party," a pleasant fragment of no especial account, and three or four smaller poems included by Hunt in the revised "blue and gold" edition of his poetical works. A series of "Epistles" he has entirely omitted. They are seven in number, and are addressed to Hunt's friends, Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, William Hazlitt, Barron Field, and Charles Lamb. The contrast between England and Italy and the obligations of the English to the Italian poets are well expressed in the epistle to Byron:

But all the four great Masters of our Song,  
Starts that shrike and eagle, and the hawk and throng,  
Have turned to Italy for added light.  
As earth is kissed by the sweet moon at night—  
Milton for half his style, Chaucer for tales,  
Spenser for flowers to fill his isles with daisies;  
And Shakespeare's self for frames already done  
To build his everlasting piles upon.  
Her genius is more soft, more harmonious, fine:  
Ours bolder, deeper, more of the rugged pine.  
In short, as woman's sweetness to man's force,  
Less grand, but softening by the intercourse,  
So the two countries are—so may they be—  
England, the high-souled man, the charmer Italy.

The first of the three epistles to Moore contains a luxurious description of Hampstead, the suburban residence of Hunt, and a picture of the latter writing, in his arbor we may suppose:

And yet how can I touch, and not linger awhile,  
On the spot that has haunted my youth like a smile?  
On its fine breathing prospect, its clump-wooded glades,  
Dark pines, and white houses, and long-alleied shades,  
With fields going down, where the bar d lies and sees  
The hills up above him with roofs in the trees?  
Now too, while the seasons—half summer, half spring—  
Brown elms and green oaks—makes one loiter and sing:  
And the bee's weighty murmur comes by us at noon,  
And the cuckoo repeats his short lullaby tune,  
And little white clouds lie about in the sun,  
And the wind's in the west, and hay-making begun?

Even now while I write, I'm half stretched on the ground,  
With a cheek-redaction and countenance of a clown,  
Betwixt hillocks of green, plumed with fern and wild  
flowers.  
While my eye closely follows the bees in their bowers,  
People talk of a plant that the rogues may think I am.  
Your old friend Anacreon was wiser than they;  
But, Lord, what a set of delicious retreats  
The epicures live in—shades, colors, and sweets!  
The least clump of verdure, or peeping into fern,  
Are emerald groves, with bright shapes winding through  
them.  
And sometimes I wonder, when poking down by 'em,  
What odd sort of plant that the rogues may think I am.  
Here perks from his arbor of crimson or green  
A bean, who slips backward as though he were seen:  
Here over my paper another shall go.  
Looking just like a yoncher, or a snow-white snow,  
Till he reaches the writing, and then, when he's eyed it,  
What nodding, and touching, and coasting beside it.  
No fresh-water spark in his uniform fine.  
Can he graver when he too first crosses the line:  
Now he stops at a question, as who should say "Hey?"  
Now casts his round eye up the yawns of an A:  
Now resolves to be bold, half afraid he shall sink.  
And like Gifford before him, can't tell what to think.

The epistle to Hazlitt gives us another glimpse of Hunt's life at Hampstead, enlivened by the society of his friends, Hazlitt in particular:

To tell you the truth, I could spend very well  
Whole mornings in this way 'twixt here and Pall Mall,  
And make my gloves' fingers as black as my hat,  
In pulling the books up from this shelf and that;  
Then turning home gently through field and over stile,  
Partly reading a purchase, or rhyming the while,  
Take my dinner (to make a long evening) at two,  
With a few droppers-in like my cousin and you,  
Who can cease the talk with the right-flavor'd attic,  
Too witty for tattling, too wise for dogmatic;  
Then take down an author whom one of us mentions,  
And dot, for awhile, on his jokes or inventions:  
Then have Mozart touched, on our bottle's completion,  
Or one of your favorite ballads trim Venetian;  
Then up for a walk before tea down a valley,  
And so to come back through a leafy-walled alley,  
In which the sun peeping, as into a chamber,  
Looks gold on the leaves, turning some to sheer amber:  
Then tea made by one, who although my wife she be,  
If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe:  
Then silence a little—a creeping twilight—  
Then an egg for yoncher, with lettuce white,  
And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night.

Better still, in the epistle to Lamb, is the sketch of "Elia" and his sister trudging out to spend an evening with the Hunts:

O thou, whom old Homer would call, were he living,  
Home-lover, thought-leader, abundant joke-giving,  
Whose charity springs from deep knowledge, nor swerves  
Into mere self-redactions, or scornful reserves.  
In short, who were made for two centuries ago,  
When Shakespeare drew men, and to write was to know:  
You'll guess why I can't see the snow-covered streets,  
Without thinking of you and your visiting feats.  
When you call to remembrance how you and one more,  
When I wanted it most, used to knock at my door.  
Or when the sad winds told us rain would come down,  
Or snow upon snow fairly clung on the town,  
And dim yellow fogs brooded over its white  
So that scarcely a being was seen toward night,  
Then, then, said the lady yeelp and dear,  
"Now mind what I tell you, the H's will be here."  
So I poked up the flame, and she got out the tea,  
And down we both sat, as prepared as could be:  
And there, sure as fate, came the knock of two,  
Then the laughter, the tea, and the "Well, how d'ye do?"

Then your palm tow'rd the fire, and your face turned to  
me.  
And shawls and great-coats hung—where they should be,  
And due "never saws" being paid to the weather,  
We cherished our knees, and sat sipping together,  
And leaving the world to the fogs and the fighters,  
Discussed the pretensions of all sorts of writers:  
Of Shakespeare's coevals, all spirits divine;  
Of Chapman, whose Homer's a fine rough old wine;  
Of Marvell, wit, patriot, and poet, who knew  
How to give, both at once, Charles and Cromwell their due;  
Of Spenser, who wraps you, wherever you are,  
In a bow'r of seclusion beneath a sweet star;  
Of Richardson, too, who afflicts us so long,  
We began to suspect him of nerves over strong:  
In short, of all those who give full-measured praise,  
Not forgetting Sir Thomas, my ancestor sage,  
Who delighted (so happy were all his discussions)  
In puzzling his head with impossible questions.  
But now, Charles—you never (so blissful you deem me)  
Come lounging, with twirl of umbrella, to see me.  
In vain have we hoped to be set at our ease,  
By the rains, which you know used to bring Lamb and peas;  
In vain we look out like the children in Thomson,  
And say, in our innocence, "Surely, he'll come soon."

There is not much poetry in all this, perhaps, still it is pleasant reading on account of the thread of autobiography which runs through it. What would we not give for a similar memorial from the pen of Shakespeare—any a poetical epistle from Stratford directed to Ben Jonson in London? Without doubt epistles did pass between them, though it may be questioned whether either wrote to the other in verse; for your truly great man, whatever his profession, is apt to "sink the shop" among his associates. That Jonson and Drayton, and other of Shakespeare's London friends, were in the habit of visiting him at Stratford in the last years of his life was the tradition after his death, which, by the way, was laid to one of these visits and the drinking bout which attended it, and which took place at a Stratford tavern we may suppose, since Shakespeare is said to have caught cold in returning to his house late at night or early in the morning—falling asleep in the fields, which at that hour were as well drenched as himself. So says tradition, and no doubt truthfully. Would, however, that we had some scrap from Shakespeare's own pen to prove it, or indeed any fact in his life, except his lending money and leaving his wife (who, be sure, frowned on his merry-making with his "followers") his second best bed! They were not given to autobiography in "the spacious times of the great Elizabeth," but now the smallest poetaster leaves his memoirs arranged for publication. Hunt published his in his lifetime, and delightful reading they are. Enough, however, for to-day of him and his "Foliage," from which we have plucked a few leaves not wholly serene, though nearly fifty years have passed since they budded first.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have in press and will soon publish a volume of posthumous papers by the late Nathaniel Hawthorne. They consist of a number of magazine articles from the old *Democratic Review*, for which Mr. Hawthorne was at one time a constant contributor, several uncollected tales and sketches from old annuals, and a selection of his early writings in one of the Salem journals. We presume the volume will include the fragment of "The Dolliver Romance"—a marvelously beautiful torso—with whatever else he may have left in a completed form. An accurate memoir, however brief, would add to its permanent value, for Hawthorne, like Thackeray, was one of the few authors in whom the world is interested.

### FOREIGN.

"The Infant Bridal and other Poems," by Mr. Aubrey De Vere, a selection from the poetical works of that gentleman, contains a number of poems which would do credit to any living writer of verse. Mr. De Vere is not a great poet, but he is a thoughtful one, and in his rather narrow work without a rival. How admirable, for instance, as a bit of portraiture, is this truly womanly sketch:

#### A CHARACTER.

She scarce can tell if she have loved or not;  
She of her heart no register has kept.  
She knows but this, that once too blest her lot  
Appeared for earth; and that ere long she wept.

Upon life's daily task without pretence  
She moves; and many love her, all revere;  
She will be full of joy when summoned hence,  
Yet not unhappy seems while lingering here.

If once her breast the storms of anguish tore,  
On that pure lake no weeds or scum they cast.  
Time has taken from her much, but given her more  
And of his gifts the best will be the last.

Her parents lie beneath the churchyard grass;  
On her own strength and foresight she is thrown.  
Who, while her brothers played, too timid was  
To join their sports; and played or sighed alone.

Her heart is as a spot of hallowed ground  
Filled with old tombs and sacred to the Past,  
Such as near villages remote is found,  
Or rain-washed channel in some woodland waste:

It once was pierced each day with some new stone,  
And thronged with weeping women and sad men;  
But now it lies with grass and flowers o'ergrown,  
And o'er it pipes the thrush and builds the wren.

Mr. J. L. Milton, in his "Stream of Life on our Globe," a sketch, in untechnical language, of the beginning and growth of life, and the physiological laws which govern its progress and operations, gives an interesting picture of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland: "Tradition tells of few scenes more interesting than those called up by thinking of this simple fisher-people in their little wave-girt homes—a scene on which the genius of Homer might have



dwelt with fondness. Little dwarf children taken out in times of peace to gather wild-berries and weave flower-chains in meadows buried for ages, watching the jumping squirrel and the bright-eyed field-mouse, while the little goat-horned sheep clambered up the rocks or browsed in the ancient fields, or listening with awe to the growling of the great bears or the lowing of the huge dun oxen! By-and-by the babies are grown to dwarf darlings in quaintly fashioned robes, and sit demurely ranged at work under the eye of their elders,

"The spinners and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,"

knitting their curious flax garments first with their fingers, then with quaint bone needles and bodkins, and, as arts improved, with the rude spindle; while the men fashioned their deadly fireballs or simple pottery, shaping the coarse, dark clay into jars as large as the old Roman wine-vases, such as the Hindoo has used from remotest time, or chipped their arrow-heads of flint and crystal, or edged their bone daggers and their serpentine hatchets, or sallied out to hunt for fish. By-and-by they are dwarf matrons, grave with household cares—"on hospitable thoughts intent," or thinking about getting off their young folks—and dwarf men of business and warriors, changing by-and-by into little elders solemnly meting out justice, and then little old men and women, bent with pains and aches, sitting in the sunshine and chirping like grasshoppers, "терригедов локотес," thinking often as little as the children sprawling about them how soon they are to be little corpses lying in the depths of the old lakes. Or when some mighty warrior or virtuous father of the state passed away to the land of spirits, the honored remains were solemnly borne, with all the mournful pomp of their simple faith, to the rude but vast stone tomb and buried, for the people of the stone age had a great respect for the dead; and, when they were laid in their last resting-place, the arms were crossed upon the breast and the chin bent down upon the knees: as man lies ere he enters upon this scene, so he should lie, they thought, when he re-entered the great womb of nature. Then they laid his arms and the offerings for the dead, food and trinkets beside him; and, that done, the great stones were raised like a chamber over the body, and above all was piled the vast funeral mound of earth. And thus they acted their parts in the pilgrimage of life till the strong hand of the spoiler wasted their strength, and internal decay proclaimed to their era that their hour had come, and their numbers began to thin and their star to wane by a process as sure and steady as that which changes the man into the lean pantaloon. As they passed away, the wheel of time with each silent turn blotted out some trace that former years had spared, till all slept beneath the waters of the Swiss lakes in one common oblivion.

Mr. Henry Walter Bates, in his entertaining volume "The Naturalist on the River Amazon," has a graphic description of a masquerade among the South American Indians, on the fête days of the Catholic Church: "The Indians play a conspicuous part in the amusements at St. John's Eve, and at one or two other holidays which happen about that time of the year—the end of June. In some of the sports the Portuguese element is visible, in others the Indian; but it must be recollected that masquerading, recitative singing, and so forth, are common originally to both peoples. A large number of men and boys disguise themselves to represent different grotesque figures, animals, or persons. Two or three dress themselves up as giants with the help of a tall framework. One enacts the part of the Caypor, a kind of sylvan deity similar to the Curupira which I have before mentioned. The belief in this being seems to be common to all the tribes of the Tupi stock. According to the figure they dressed up at Ega, he is a bulky, misshapen monster, with red skin and long shaggy red hair hanging half way down his back. They believe that he has subterranean campos and hunting-grounds in the forest, well stocked with pacaes and deer. He is not at all an object of worship or fear, except to children, being considered merely as a kind of hobgoblin. Most of the masquers make themselves up as animals—bulls, deer, magoary storks, jaguars, and so forth—with the aid of light frameworks, covered with old cloth dyed or painted, and shaped according to the object represented. Some of the imitations which I saw were capital. One ingenious fellow arranged an old piece of canvas in the form of a tapir, placed himself under it, and crawled about on all fours. He constructed an elastic nose to resemble that of the tapir, and made, before the doors of the principal residents, such a good imitation of the beast grazing that peals of laughter greeted him wherever he went. Another man walked about solitarily, masked as a jabiru crane (a large animal, standing about four feet high), and mimicked the gait and habits of the bird uncommonly well. One year an Indian lad imitated me, to the infinite amusement of the townsfolk. He came the previous day to borrow of me an old blouse and straw hat. I felt rather taken in when I saw him, on the night of the performance, rigged out as an entomologist, with an insect net, hunting bag, and pincushion. To make the imitation complete, he had borrowed the frame of an old pair of spectacles, and went about with it straddled over his nose."

At the Basle University Library an important discovery has been made—a hitherto unknown poem by Sebastian Brandt, the celebrated author of the "Narrenschiff," who lived at Strasburg in the fifteenth century. The poem dates from the time of his temporary sojourn at Basle, and treats of the first meteor that fell at Ensisheim, in 1492.

The family of M. Jomard, the celebrated geographer, recently deceased, has just issued the collection at which he had been working since 1828, and which he had just finished when he died, viz., the "Monuments de la Géographie," a history of geography, as he used to call it, written by itself. The collection consists of twenty-one plates, containing the facsimiles of all the ancient maps known in Europe and in the East, the celestial and terrestrial globes, mappemondes, cosmographical tables, astro-labes, and instruments of observation in use since the earliest times to the period of Ortelius and G. Mercator—that is, to the end of the sixteenth century. The "Monuments" contain, among other things, the bronze Kufic celestial globe of the eleventh century, in the Imperial Library of Paris; the map of an itinerary from London to Jerusalem, from the Chronicle of Matthew Paris, in the British Museum; the mappemonde, painted on vellum, executed by command of Henry II., King of France, the original of which was lately bought for 20,000 francs; the mappemonde of Gérard Mercator, etc., etc.

## PERSONAL.

Dr. WILLIAM CURETON, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and one of the small group of Europe's greatest oriental scholars, died on the 17th of June, at his country-house of Westbury, in Shropshire, at the age of fifty-six. Born in 1808, and educated at Christ church, Oxford, he was ordained priest in 1834, and was for a time sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1837 he became assistant keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, a situation which he filled for twelve years, when he was appointed to a canonry in Westminster, and to the attached rectory of the parish of St. Margaret's. Two years before he had been appointed chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, and shortly before his death he was appointed to a royal trusteeship of the British Museum. He was a fellow of the Royal Society, and honorary D.D. of Halle, corresponding member of the Institute of France, and member of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the Oriental Society of Germany, and many other Continental societies. These honors he owed to his reputation as an orientalist, and especially as a Syriac scholar, a reputation of over twenty years' standing, which was formed by publications of his while an official in the British Museum. His "Corpus Ignatianum," an edition of an ancient Syriac version of the "Epistles of St. Ignatius," with commentaries thereon, was published in 1845, and occasioned an interesting controversy. Among his later works were an edition of a palimpsest of parts of Homer found in an Eastern convent, and his "Spicilegium Syriacum," published in 1855. He was engaged upon a work connected with the Gospel of St. Matthew at the time of his death. He is said to have owed his preferment in the Church to the late Prince Consort, who was one of his greatest admirers. As a Syriac scholar he had no equal in England.

*Appropos* of the recent dismissal of M. RENAN, the professors of the Collège de France, in order to show their disapprobation of that arbitrary act, have proposed two candidates for the newly created chair of Comparative Philology, viz., Adolph Regnier, the translator of Schiller into French, a staunch Orleanist, who, if elected, would immediately have to be dismissed again, since he would under no circumstances take the oath, and M. Bréal, a young Jew of great promise, but of ill favor in government circles. The appointment will probably fall upon Mr. Munk, one of the most eminent of living Semitic scholars. Mlle. AGATHE LETELLIER has left a legacy of 20,000 francs to the French Académie des Sciences, for the purpose of supplying young zoologists with the necessary means of continuing M. de Savigny's investigations in Egypt and Syria, the fund to be called the "Savigny Foundation."

COUNT D'HENOLSTEIN has been for some time engaged in editing the unpublished letters of Marie Antoinette, which form an autobiographical record of her life from 1770, when she was married to Louis XVI. at the age of fifteen, to 1792, a year before her execution.

Dr. PERTZ, the principal librarian of the Royal Library of Berlin, has issued a report on the history and progress of the "Monumenta Germanie Historica," which he and a number of *savans* have edited for several years past.

The Continental journals are filled with gossip concerning MATTHEW, the date of whose birth has been at last cleared up, as we see by a paragraph in the *Reader*. The day generally named was the 5th of September, but the year fluctuated between 1790, 91, 92, and even 94. An official look into the registry, however, has set the doubts at rest. As the day of his birth was found there the 5th Elul, 5551 (September 5th, 1791), he would thus soon have reached his seventy-third year. Some farther curious details in his testament are, that he left nothing to his servants, an annuity of 25,000 thalers to his wife, and to each of his three daughters an annuity of 15,000

thalers. Several foundations, however, have received large donations—e. g., the Association des Auteurs Musicaux, and the Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques, each of which receives 10,000 francs. The clause about the MSS. which he left, and which were to be delivered up to that one of his grandchildren who should prove a musical genius, does exist, but with the addition that, in case there should not be such a grandson in existence, the Royal Library at Berlin should become sole heir to his literary remains.

The following particulars about the pope's family are given by a Vienna paper: "Pius IX. has two elder brothers, Count Gabriel Mastai, 84 years, and Count Gaëtan, 80 years of age. His sister, Countess Bernini, is 77. His father, Count Hieronymus Mastai, reached an age of 84, his mother of 82, his grandfather, Count Hercules Mastai, of 96 years. The family Mastai is numerous. Count Gabriel has two sons—Lodovico, married to the Princess Del Drago; Hercules, married to the niece of Cardinal Cadolini. Four sisters, of whom one is still alive, gave the pope a numerous crew of nephews. The family Mastai boasts of never having received anything from the public purse."

The Freie Deutsche Hochstift, which occupies the Goethe House, at Frankfurt, has formed the project of collecting all the works that relate to Goethe, and having a complete Goethe library for scientific use in the house of his birth. A complaint was made in 1855 that there was no such collection in Frankfurt, no means of consulting the most indispensable works about Goethe. The Hochstift intends to gather all the works of Goethe, from single essays and poems to the collected editions; all writings on Goethe and his works; all correspondence relating to him; autographs and pictures of himself and his relations. Much has been done already for this, but more is wanted, and an invitation has therefore been issued to all who are interested in the subject, calling on them to contribute either any of the objects mentioned above or money subscriptions to assist in their purchase. The undertaking is no light one, as there is hardly one German author who has not written on Goethe; and even in England and America there is a copious and growing literature about him, especially if periodicals are to be taken into account. Gifts of the kind specified will be thankfully received by Herr Schideck, in the Goethe House, Frankfurt.

Prof. M. GOLDSCHMIDT, the author of "Joseph Bendixen, the Jew," has lately been lecturing at Copenhagen, in the Hall of the University, for the benefit of the families who have suffered from the bombardment of Fredericia and Sonderberg. Speaking of the lectures, of which there were to be six, Prof. Goldschmidt, who opened the course, said: "The number is of little consequence compared with the fact that from different branches of literature and science men have gathered in order to change, with your aid, words into bread, into material assistance to men, women, and children suffering from the merciless conduct of the foe. It is a protest from men keeping generally aloof from daily strife, leading a life of stillness and quiet, occupied with humane studies—a protest against inhumanity. It is somewhat more besides. The sole fact of literature and science, under existing circumstances, amid war and deep sorrow, being made use of as productive powers, contains a symbol or an omen that Danish culture still contrives to rebuild what German culture at present is burning and breaking down."

—In 1863, 13,411,888 lbs. of British manufactured paper (exclusive of hangings), of the value of £363,405, were exported to the British possessions in India, Australia, North America, and South Africa. In the same year 2,551,744 lbs. of foreign manufactured paper, valued at £62,385, were transhipped or exported to the same countries. In the year 1862, £100,992 worth of paper was imported into New South Wales; £14,903 into Canada; and £27,125 to the Cape of Good Hope. In the year ending April 30, 1862, the paper imported into British India from various countries was as follows: From the United Kingdom, £314,232; from Aden, £7,152; from America, £785; from Antwerp, £7,461; from the Arabian and Persian Gulfs, £478; from the Cape of Good Hope, £70; from Ceylon, £373; from China, £4,904; from France, £22,264; from Germany, £2,843; Mauritius and Bourbon, £4; Mediterranean ports, £85; Straits Settlements, £1,620; Suez, £12,848—Total, £275,119.

—The Scotch papers report the discovery at Kinghorn, Fifeshire, of a large earthen jar containing no less than about thirty pounds' weight of old silver coins, chiefly coins of the English Edwards, but with some Scotch coins of Alexander III., John Balliol, Robert Bruce, and David II. intermixed. The latest date legible on any of the coins is 1375. They are doubtless relics of the period of the English invasions of Scotland, and some of them might even carry the imagination back to the time of the occupation of Scotland by the English under Edward I. The place of discovery is also most suitable. It was at Kinghorn where happened that fatal accident to the Scottish kingdom—the death of the Scottish king Alexander III. by a fall from his horse, which, cutting off the direct succession to the crown, led to the English interference and the Wallace and Bruce struggle.

## AGENTS FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, No. 121 Nassau street, New York; successors to Sinclair Tousey and H. Dexter, Hamilton & Co.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

THE publication of the ROUND TABLE will be suspended after this date.

It is due to the friends of the paper to say that this step has not been taken without careful consideration. The ROUND TABLE, as it stands to-day, is a success. Its conductors have reason to believe that no paper ever started in New York has met with such general patronage during the first half-year of its existence. Its circulation and advertising patronage are greater than it was anticipated they would be at this date, while its prospects, under ordinary circumstances, would be considered very encouraging. In fact, it is abundantly proved that an independent, critical, and literary journal was an actual want in the country.

Why then is the ROUND TABLE suspended? The sole and only reason consists in the uncertain financial condition of the country, which so affects the price of everything necessary to the making of a literary paper that its conductors deem it imprudent to press the enterprise while the war and its burdens shall continue. However the opinions of men may differ as to what the future has in store for us, we think there is a very general agreement that, with the absorption of the strength and wealth of the country by the ravages of war, the prices of all necessities and commodities must greatly advance, while all articles that are in any way regarded as luxuries the people will be compelled to dispense with. The conductors of the ROUND TABLE are most certainly disposed to share any burdens that may be imposed upon them as citizens, but they cannot feel it to be their duty to carry their enterprise into so dubious a future.

There are acknowledgments of indebtedness which the undersigned desire to express over their own names. We commenced the publication of a weekly literary journal, fully appreciating the hazards of the enterprise, and in the face of a very general discouragement. But there were those—good and true—who welcomed the attempt, and gave it cordial and generous support. Many of the leading journals kindly announced the paper and gave it active

assistance. In every direction the press of the country showed its appreciation and sympathy; many of the publishers, too, gave it their immediate countenance and patronage. While, for the most part, all of these have remained friendly up to the present time, other friends have been gathering constantly around our board, until now there is but one feeling to be expressed in return, and that is of sincere gratitude to all. That the ROUND TABLE has not been all that some could have wished it to be, we have been well aware. To all who have so generously sustained us in our effort to publish an independent and impartial journal which should do credit to American literature, we now return our hearty thanks. Nor can we refrain from adding that, in the event of the return of happy days of peace and prosperity, we stand ready to resume the publication of the ROUND TABLE, or a paper of similar character, confident, from our past experience, that it will be welcomed and sustained.

There are many acknowledgments of indebtedness which we should like to make in detail at this time. We can only instance one, however, the omission of which under any circumstances would be a gross injustice. We refer to the printers of the ROUND TABLE, Messrs. Phair and Company. Whatever credit is due for the typographical appearances of our paper belongs to this firm, with whom to have business relations is at once a pleasure and a satisfaction.

With one word more we bid adieu to our readers until this blast of war and desolation shall have passed by for ever. As we shall send immediately to our subscribers the balance due them on their unexpired subscriptions, we request that they will notify us at once if they fail to receive such remittances.

And so, after seven months of pleasure and unexpected success, in which if we have made some enemies, we have made more friends, we lay down the pen, owing no man anything, hoping for better times, but ready for the worst.

HENRY E. SWEETSER,

CHARLES H. SWEETSER.

New York, July 23, 1864.

## OUR COUNTRY AND THE FUTURE.

THE recent call for half a million soldiers to serve for one year, unless sooner discharged, marks another stage in the history of the war, and, as such, demands a juster estimate of the present position of the country than partisan papers seem willing to give. The duty which every citizen owes to himself and his country at this time is to take a fair view of the present condition of the nation, and be prepared to act as the conclusions thus formed may require. Encouragement and discouragement must be fairly set over against each other. And if what we are about to say shall aid any in

making such an estimate, we shall have accomplished our purpose.

I. As far as regaining territory is concerned, there is every reason for encouragement. Kentucky and Missouri, once claimed by the Confederate States, are now firmly attached to the Union; Tennessee has been rescued from rebel rule, and is now begging for the restoration of its old rights and privileges as one of the United States; West Virginia is represented in Congress on an equality with New York; Louisiana and Arkansas claim to be members of the Union, though on grounds as yet scarcely tenable; our flag floats over portions (more or less extended) of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi. One of our great armies is battering the gates of Richmond, and another has virtual (perhaps, by this time, actual) possession of Atlanta; while our navy so closely guards the coasts of rebellion that every night and morning the roll of our drums fairly encircles the Confederacy. This is part of what we have to show for three years and a quarter of war.

II. The resources of the rebels, though by no means exhausted, are not nearly so great as they were when, in defiant assurance of ultimate triumph, the tocsin at Charleston roused a nation to arms. Shut out from the world beyond, with no navy save a privateer or two, its population drawn upon almost to the last degree to keep the ranks of its armies full, the Southern Confederacy is weaker to-day than ever it was, and is constantly growing weaker as the war is prolonged.

III. Our relations with foreign powers are perfectly friendly. There have been differences, it is true, but, by judicious diplomacy and the exercise of a spirit of forbearance on our part, they have all been satisfactorily adjusted, and to-day, in spite of all untoward events, the United States holds its place among the nations of the earth, while the Confederate States has no recognized existence save as a belligerent—a recognition which is of no value to the Confederacy but of great value to the Union, in that it has evoked from every foreign power a declaration of neutrality. Besides, the proclamation of emancipation, whatever one may think of its effects at home, has strengthened us abroad by giving the impression to the world that we are fighting on the side of Liberty, and the South is struggling to maintain the institution of Slavery.

Such, in brief, are the main reasons for encouragement in looking at the country as it is to-day. The spirit of patriotism, of devotion to the Government, is manifested in so many ways that it need only be mentioned. Even among those who clamor the loudest against the policy of the Administration, hardly a man can be found who would not willingly sacrifice his property and his life if he felt that thereby he would aid in restoring the Union. There is no disagreement upon the object to be attained; the difference lies in the mode of attaining it.

Looking at the other aspects of the nation's position, it is plain that—

I. The nation has lost many thousands of its sons in war, and yet the rebellion seems no nearer its end than it was at the start. Everywhere our armies go they are met by forces quite as large and actually stronger by vir-



tue of the fortifications behind which they fight. Nearly two million men have enlisted in our armies since the war began, and now, when a half million more are wanted, the country naturally asks what is to be done with them. Is there any assurance that this accretion to our forces will crush the rebellion? Some such assurance it has a right to demand, and the Government should not refuse to give it.

II. The financial situation is anything but cheering. We are using paper money worth less than forty cents on the dollar. The Government debt increases daily by millions; prices of all the necessities of life are away above the reach of people of ordinary means, and the prospect is that they will be much higher before the year is out. Labor is scarce, and consequently dear. Speculation is rampant. Dishonesty passes under the name of shrewdness, and so prevalent is it that even the rogues are exposing each other. Prudent men are anxious, very anxious for the future, for there is every indication that it will be worse, much worse than the present. Who can tell what it will be?

III. There is no use in longer concealing the fact that the people are losing their confidence in the Administration. They believe Mr. Lincoln honest, and that he tries to do what he thinks best for the country, but that he is inadequate to the task which Providence has allotted him. In plain English, he is not equal to the emergency. Who is the man of all American citizens to guide the ship of state through this terrible storm no one knows. Perhaps Mr. Lincoln is as good a leader as the country can show; perhaps he is the best; but he is not the man that the times demand. These are unwelcome words, but the people know in their hearts that they are true. Down below the warm regard for Mr. Lincoln as a man and a President, below the popular faith in his integrity of purpose, below the party feelings which sway every man to a greater or less degree, there is a sober conviction in the minds of a majority of the people that Abraham Lincoln is not the man for this tremendous crisis. They may re-elect him in preference to any one of his opponents, but this conviction cannot be eradicated. They give him credit for integrity, honesty, patriotism, and ability, but they acknowledge with sorrow that he is not the President that the nation needs. It is not that he has failed to do all in his power for the country, but that he has not the power that the country is in need of.

Looking these facts squarely in the face, who that is a patriot will flinch? Is there not more reason for hope than for despair? Granted that the times are hard and the prospects gloomy, so much the more reason is there for renewed effort to accomplish the purpose for which we entered upon the war. The current is swift, breakers may be ahead—then let the nation unite as one man, put the ship in as good trim as possible, and meet danger with all flags flying. So far, the war has been mere play. The soldiers have had all the suffering. Now the people must take their share. The thing is inevitable. Then to the future like men, determined to leave not a stone unturned by which the authority of the Government may be re-established throughout the United States and the Union of our fathers restored. Each man must take part in the work, or he will

not deserve to share in the result; and if each man does his duty there need be no fear as to what that result will be. God save the Republic!

#### BOAT-RACING AND THE COLLEGES.

HARD by the thrifty city of Worcester, Massachusetts, lies the beautiful lake "Quinsigamond." Called still by its old Indian title, the old Indian legends and traditions connected with it are also faithfully treasured up. These romantic associations, together with the wild surroundings, make the lake a classic spot to all the country around. By daylight and moonlight, ever the fisherman drops here his hook of faith, with a good promise of reward. Here the boat-club seeks its evening pleasure, and the hunter lifts his rifle at indifferent game. Here, too, the picnic parties tarry for a day, finding abundant sources of pleasure in the forest and on the lake. At times the music and the moonlight join forces to make the evening pastime more delicious; and, altogether, "Quinsigamond" is a welcome name to all who dwell or visit in the staid city of Worcester.

But to the world at large this charming lake has become known through the summer orgies—called regattas—of the muscular and musical sons of Yale and Harvard Colleges. Once Springfield was the chosen point of meeting, but an accidental death made the place too full of sad memories for its future use. Then came the Quinsigamond spasm and the boisterous christening attending it, which the good people of Worcester can never forget. All the indecencies of a race-course, where illiterate and boorish men hold rule, were repeated by the many crowds which flocked thither. Gambling and carousing grew into a carnival of dissipation. When money was gone, articles of ornament which the students were wearing were pledged as security for borrowed funds. The whole affair was disgraceful in the extreme, and to this day its memories are painfully fresh in the minds of those who were spectators. It was this which gave the first notoriety to the beautiful lake, whose surface neither Indian nor white man had ever before so sadly disgraced.

We are told through the papers that there will be another Regatta on the same lake the present season. The champion oarsmen are reported as passing through a severe course of physical discipline in preparation for the great test of muscular strength and boating skill. Now we cannot believe that there will be any repetition of the scenes which we have described as attendant upon a former race. It cannot be that the lessons of that occasion were wholly of no avail. And yet it is hardly possible for such an event to transpire without a certain amount of necessary evil. For our own part we think the injury done will far outweigh all the pleasure and good. With such feelings we cannot but utter a word against the "Regattas" of our colleges, especially since so many journals have seemed to be blinded as to their real character.

We do not for a moment doubt the efficacy of any and all healthy sports within the domain of any particular institution. The experiences at Oxford and Cambridge, England, have abundantly proved this. But it is

the competition of rival institutions which we would deprecate. It created a deal of mischief when Amherst and Williams Colleges assembled for a chess and ball tournament, the trial ending with beastly carousal. And it has been the same at the boat races of Harvard and Yale. The occasions are simply opportunities for dissipation, removed from the scrutiny of college professors. The members of one institution are not willing to be outdone by those of another in acts of courtesy, and so the most extravagant scenes are witnessed at every recurrence of these festivities. Especially are they to be deplored in these times, when young men and students should have a care for economy and decent sobriety.

We can conceive of a laudable competition among the colleges, and perhaps a trial for championship. But it would not be a trial of that which the most illiterate and boorish possess. It would rather be a test of intellectual culture and refinement, a lively debate, a recitational exercise, or a trial in the art of composition. Something of this character might be of advantage, and certainly could not be attended with so many evils and excesses as the boat races. It is time that students should take a higher stand in such matters. Their very training should give them more self-respect and dignity. There is no reason why they should not engage in all athletic sports, but the good is quite likely to be counteracted if the occasions end, as they too often do, in dissipation and debauchery. We hope to hear better things from "Quinsigamond" this year.

We have reason to believe that the meeting at Niagara Falls of Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, George Sanders, and several prominent politicians of the loyal states, is not so accidental as the public may suppose. Nor is the presence of Mr. Greeley as much of a joke as some of the daily papers would like to make out. It is reported on good authority—though we do not vouch for the truth of the statement—that during Secretary Fessenden's recent visit in this city, Mr. Greeley told him in plain terms that the war must stop soon, and that any farther increase of the public debt would endanger its payment by the country. Whether this be true or false, whether the meeting at Niagara Falls has any significance or not, if the opposition go before the people with the promise of an honorable settlement of the war and a partial or complete restoration of the Union in the event of its success at the polls, there can be no doubt as to the result of the presidential election.

THE riddle of the Sphinx is quite thrown in the shade by the mystery that surrounds the riots in this city last summer. At the time of their occurrence it was positively stated that they were gotten up by the left wing of Lee's army, and the statement was backed up by various kinds of documentary evidence. A little later one Andrews was convicted on the charge of having incited the rioters, and now a number of working-men of the city declare that the mob was composed of a "few reckless and dissolute men who vibrate between the penitentiary and the dark dens of crime." Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

## ART.

## PAINTING AND THE WAR.

ONE of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the existing war is the very remote and trifling influence which it seems to have exerted upon American art. The illustrators of the pictorial newspapers have been active, and the spirited groups of Rogers show that he has had an eye to the dramatic aspects of the great struggle; but the chief body of our artists have gone on painting landscapes and genre pieces and portraits, as if the old peace had never been interrupted. The few who have illustrated episodes of the war have selected those of a grotesque or humorous character, or occasionally those appealing to the sentimental or pathetic springs of the heart. We scarcely remember anything large in manner or dramatic in feeling from an American painter, with the exception of Eastman Johnson's cartoon, exhibited last winter. Pictures like Laug's "Return of the Sixty-ninth Regiment," of which, fortunately, few have been produced, are scarcely worthy of serious criticism. It is not now our purpose to inquire why Americans, of all others the most interested in the bloody drama daily enacting before their eyes, should neglect subjects so suggestive and effective, and which, from their knowledge of local scenery and national character and habits, they ought to be best able to illustrate. Such is, however, the fact, and it is therefore with less surprise than regret that we see foreign artists eager to undertake what we appear indifferent to. Pictures like Constant Mayer's "Consolation," which attracted so much admiration at the last Academy exhibition, or Hubner's "God save the Union," should have emanated from our own countrymen, and it is a lasting reproach that men foreign to the soil, and who cannot feel the deep interest that we do in the rebellion, should be the first to show what themes for illustration it affords.

These remarks will not seem inappropriate when we state that there are now on exhibition at the Derby Gallery a collection of pictures, of which upward of one hundred, illustrating scenes in the present war, are by Italian artists. Of cotemporary Italian painters we know comparatively little in this country, and no similar opportunity has ever been afforded to view any considerable number of their works. The principal names represented in the present exhibition, Michele Cammarano, Ponticelli, Marinetti, Del Re, Vertumni, Martelli, Tagliano, and Palizzi, are unknown to us, and owing to the absence of catalogues we are unable to specify particularly their individual works. Every conceivable episode of the war seems to have been seized upon for illustration, and in the hundred odd canvases before him the spectator may view the varying incidents of a soldier's life, from his departure, amidst the cheers and tears of his friends, to the return, footsore and wounded. Sieges, skirmishes, assaults, cavalry encounters, and pitched battles abound, and nearly every phase of the camp, the hospital, the bivouac, or the march is faithfully represented. The merits of these works vary considerably, and all of them are painted in a coarse, free style, which is the opposite of that generally in vogue with us. Many have undeniable excellence in the composition, and some of the battle-scenes are as effective as anything of their kind ever exhibited here. The accessories and backgrounds are hastily and sometimes slovenly executed, though here and there are attempts, of no great merit, to represent local scenery, which, in most of the pictures, seems to have been painted from the imagination only. This, however, does not detract from their dramatic effectiveness. Some, we are compelled to say, are positively bad, and would hardly do credit to a respectable sign-painter; but the number of these is not large. On another occasion, perhaps, we may be able to make more particular allusion to the most meritorious works. A large composition by Nehlig, representing the battle of Somerset, is carefully composed, and the gray light of the winter morning is in accord with the blackish and unpleasant coloring affected by this artist. It is decidedly the best work of its class in the collection.

## OPTICAL DELUSIONS.

THE *New Path* for June is wholly occupied by an appreciative and exhaustive article on the new building for the National Academy of Design, in which occurs the following passage: "Notice how beautiful that otherwise almost blank wall of the third story is, lozenge-shapes in a horizontal row, zigzags parallel to these above and below, all of oblong rectangular blocks of gray, set step fashion, contrasted with a white ground. The curious optical delusion which these cause, an appearance of imperfect levelness in the horizontal courses of marble, only improves the effect when you are satisfied that it is delusion and not bad workmanship." Many persons besides the writer of the above have noticed the "curious optical delusion" to which he alludes, but we are not aware that any one has ever regarded it as a merit rather than a defect. According to this principle, if the architect had contrived to make the whole building look topsy-turvy when in reality it was standing perfectly upright, he would have been entitled to the highest meed of praise; and a person looking through a coarse pane of glass, and seeing

the landscape beyond and every other object awry, is plunged into a state of extreme delight because he is satisfied "that it is delusion," and that trees and mountains, buildings and men are really in their normal position and condition. Why not confess at once that the "optical delusion" is a positive defect, as ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who look at the building will declare? Where there is so much to admire in the new academy, it is not unreasonable to suppose, particularly as the building is a pioneer one of its class, that the architect has made an occasional slip. The public will not be disposed to deal harshly with him on that account, but it will be impatient of criticism which strives to palliate faults by excuses of this kind.

Powell's picture of the Naval Victory on Lake Erie, which he was commissioned to paint for the state of Ohio, is just completed, and will probably be exhibited in this city during the ensuing season. It is seventeen feet by twelve, the figures being of life size, and the principal incident delineated is the departure of Perry in an open boat from the Lawrence, to transfer his flag to the Niagara.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

SOUTHERN GERMANY is the seat of another revival in fresco painting, one of the impelling causes of which seems to have been the admiration excited by the recently completed frescoes by Ferdinand Wagner, in the palace of Prince Fugger, at Augsburg. The artist is now engaged upon a series of mural paintings for the Rathshaus in Constance, and has had invitations from Breslau and other cities. It is claimed by a writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* that the processes employed by Wagner, and which seem to be his own invention, will enable his frescoes, even when exposed to the open air, to last for centuries, and to preserve during that time their original freshness. In the middle ages it is well known that the exteriors of houses in Augsburg were thus adorned, and as recently as fifty years ago the streets were compared to "a picture-book, the leaves of which were the house walls with their frescoes." It may be doubted, however, whether modern artists have yet regained those lost processes by which the medieval German painters made their works enduring. The frescoes on the new Pinakothek in Munich have failed entirely to withstand the effects of the atmosphere, and on the weather side of the building they are rapidly going to decay. The question whether Wagner's in Augsburg will prove more successful cannot therefore be decided for several years. Meanwhile the attempt to restore the decorated exteriors, which once gave so much richness and picturesqueness to street scenes, will be hailed with pleasure, as an indication that the era of architectural coldness and poverty is passing away, and that color is about to assert its claim as a legitimate part of household embellishment. We may never see frescoed house walls in New York, but we may see colored tiles and stone and brick in harmonious combinations in place of monotonous rows of brown or red or white houses, and it is to be hoped the time is not far distant.

The reputation of Meissonier appears to be at the present moment at its height in Paris. At the recent sale of the collection of Prince Demidoff, fifteen of his pictures brought 233,045 francs, one of them, "Une Lecture de Diderot," fetching the large sum of 88,000 francs. At the same sale Horace Vernet's "Combat between Brigands and the Pontifical Dragons," one of his most characteristic works, brought 29,000 francs.

A bronze statuette of Silenus, somewhat in the style of the "Dancing Faun," is among the recent discoveries at Pompeii. The left hand is raised and holds a serpent on which once stood a glass vase, ornamented with gold, and of exquisite workmanship.

A statue of Mozart is about to be erected in the street in Vienna bearing his name.

The Etching Club of England is about to issue a series of recent works by its members, to comprise specimens of Holman Hunt, Millais, Crewick, Ansdell, and others.

Among recent English publications on art is a new edition of the "Epochs of Painting," by R. N. Wornum, keeper and secretary of the British National Gallery. We have frequently had occasion to refer to the first edition of this little book, published about five years ago, and have regarded it as the best elementary compendium of art history and criticism in the language. The new work is to a considerable extent re-written, and contains double the matter of the first issue. The English critics speak highly of it; and we doubt not it will prove a valuable companion to both artist and art-student.

Boston, July, 1864.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

"SUBJECTS—POSSESSORS—PAINTERS."

MAY a nervous man in Boston be allowed to protest, in a quiet way, against the above traditional caption of the pages of the Catalogues of the New York National Academy? It would be a trivial matter if it occurred only once; but its repetition year after year becomes oppressive, particularly in the spring and summer months.

One might say "Owners," or "The property of," or, better, "Owned by," or "Belonging to," but "Possessors" is palpably and offensively awkward and priggish.

## DRAMA.

## ABOUT STARS.

THE time draws near when arrangements for the fall and winter dramatic season must be completed; indeed, we presume that the various managers have already fixed upon the outlines of their programmes. There are several important points, however, which materially retard a complete settlement, especially the matter of salaries. In the present condition of the currency, the players must have a very large advance, at least one hundred per cent. over the specie rates of 1861. But of this we do not propose to speak just now. The primary question is, Who are to contract theatrical business—the managers or the stars? For many years past the character of managers for ability and independence has been deteriorating until it has reached a pitiful depth. The business of conducting a theater, once highly honorable and responsible, has become in many instances a mere speculative enterprise, undertaken by men who have no knowledge or regard for management, except for the making of money. Broken-down litterateurs, "damned" actors, prosperous blacklegs, escaped defaulters, pin-feathery actresses, retired butchers, wandering Jews, rope-dancers, kept fancy men of successful bawds, and we know not what other incongruous "professions," have been represented in theatrical management, forcing themselves into business of which they know little and care less, in the hope of harvesting a few thousands of dollars, but having no more regard for art than so many pigs would have for the flowers of a garden in which they were rooting for grubs. The intrusion of these incapable and unworthy creatures has kept even pace with the usurpations of so-called stars—indeed, they work together perfectly; both parties are entirely regardless of the drama and its professors, except in so far as they can use them to fill their pockets; both parties have therefore conspired to break down honorable managers and honorable players, because they naturally stand in the way of humbug and rapacity. In some instances successful resistance has been made, and we have still managers and theaters left honorable alike to themselves and the people who support them. But these are exceptions—the greater number of houses and managers are on the wrong side.

Shall we have a continuance and aggravation of this ruinous system or want of system during the coming season? Shall we have real theaters under responsible and capable managers, or will the houses become jobbing shops and the managers mere masks behind which a series of impudent stars shall dictate and domineer and plot for the ruin of anybody and everybody who does not pander to their advancement? Shall we have regular companies of first-class artists, engaged for full seasons and put in legitimate business; or does the manager expect to get a skeleton company at starvation prices, trusting to the star for his main people and yielding to that wandering and irreprehensible Nobody the entire control of his house? You who are so fond of prating of art and the advancement of the profession—who remember the Park pit, or know somebody who once sat there—you who radiate with reminiscences of Keats and Kambles and Coopers and other theatrical demigods, what think you of the "advancement of art" when some of the first or best houses in the country are thus given up to stars who shine in "Jack Sheppard" or the "French Spy," or trained dogs, or Baddon adulterers, or burnt cork? Shall it be this season that a star can take possession of stage, box-office, and managers, dictate terms exorbitant and ruinous, turn out the leading man (if there be one) and put in his place some plastic parasite of his own, show the juvenile lady to the door and supply her place with his *fille de joie*, kick the prompter from his stool because he has a grudge against him, import a stage manager for an equally undignified reason, reverse the machinery of the entire establishment, and throw all the additional expense of this destructive work upon the manager? Very likely, very likely; and there are managers who will stand it—nay, who rather like to play the spandrel to these domineering stars. Such managers will select small companies of third-rate people as far as possible; they will avoid written engagements by making loud professions of interest for the players, thus leaving a chance to pick a quarrel and discharge any actor who may be dispensed with during the expected long run of "the exciting and highly popular moral drama of 'The Wife of Forty Husbands, or Adultery explained and Divorce made easy,' by that comet of the dramatic firmament, the angelic Miss \* \* \*." Such managers will foist upon the people as wonders of genius players who have neither the education nor the talent nor the experience to fill a respectable position in a legitimate company. They will work for, brag for, lie for, and sometimes roundly pay for these Ishmaelites, when the hard-working and worthy stocks of their companies could not draw from them any more valuable recognition than now and then a curse for not earning their salaries.

But we need not enlarge upon these evils. "The system" is in full vogue and must run its course. One successful star (speaking in a pecuniary sense) will infect a dozen better actors to go into the business; the draw-



backs and discouragements to which these very stars compel stock players to submit is another incentive to follow their example; and so we hear every day of some new venture in the starring line. The country is studded with wandering lights, who were small candles indeed in the city; while a succession of more pretentious operations regularly rise and set here in the metropolis. Perhaps it may be best to let the disease run its course; for walking ladies, utility men, and call boys to go into it also, until the very overdoing of it shall break the spell and bring us back to much-ridiculed legitimacy and forgotten common-sense.

If a year or two of general chaos shall be enough to restore sanity; if after that probation we may be for ever rid of mountebanks and ignorant pretenders; if we can drive from the management of our places of amusement the horde of speculators who now have almost entire control; if we can put in their places upright, capable, and conscientious men, who believe their business to be both respectable and responsible—if these ends may be achieved, the present discouraging, and we may add disgraceful state of the histrionic profession may be profitably endured.

In conclusion, we repeat the unanswered question: Shall the manager manage the star and protect the theater, or shall the star manage and ruin both manager and house?

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### FISHING ON THE LAKES.

CLEVELAND, July, 1864.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

THERE is good common-sense in what you say under the "Rod and Line." Claiming no skill piscatorially, there is more than one at first imagines in giving up a day to the sports of the clear blue waters. But as to real fishing, give me Lake Superior and the streams circumjacent. No fresh-water lake in the world can surpass the clearness of that iron and copper-bound water, and then such pure air, and above (I mean below) all such magnificent fish.

Do you know Dr. Theodatus Garlick? If you don't, I do. Well, what of him? Dr. Garlick has issued a standard treatise on the artificial propagation of certain kinds of fish, published in this city in 1857. This work is well worth reading, and proves conclusively that the propagation of "brook or speckled trout" is entirely practicable. The doctor demonstrated this fact in the neighborhood of this city some years ago, in connection with the late Professor Ackley. Dr. Garlick is a professed naturalist, and will heartily endorse your views, and we need more just such men to help build up what is good in nature and keep down that vandalism too common in our lakes and fields.

But out on the face of broad old Erie, just in view of my little room, there is found some sport with the rod and line; we have blue pike and perch and black and white bass. Just at the opening of day you can take any of the numerous small boats ready and waiting, float out to the grounds, and throw in your line; there is sometimes fun in it if there happen to be no fish. I was out the other day several hours, my companion throwing his line on the one side, I on the other; no sooner was his line down than up it came with a wallowing fish, but I worried and wearied, but not a bite; great heaps to him, none to me; my bait was the same, hook the same, line the same; provoked and mortified, I came home *sans* fish. But one thing I did not miss—it is seldom I miss my supper if I can get it—I had a stately supper at Silverthorn's, and felt better. I found out how it was about those fish; the count, who is a lineal descendant of the commodores, gave me a little insight into the matter; he says that the undertow was pulling out, and fish always head up stream, and my companion, being on the outside of the boat, got all the fish as they came in; next time I will try both sides.

I have trolled for trout in Ontario, Seneca, Cayuga, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, but, for the beauty, grandeur, and magnificence of all, give me that great father of fresh seas to throw a line in. Your little ponds are all well enough for a day, but for a month's sport among the fins go up with me in the summer months to the head of the chain. Bring a tent big enough for one, and all the other adjuncts that your imagination will suggest necessary for thirty days out, then at the Saut hire canoes and guides, go up the lake on the north shore, camp out, go on the next day, camp again, and keep doing so until you come to the finest fishing grounds in the world, then go at it; don't let up unless for a variance you are disposed to relieve the weariness by a day's sport in the woods. You will, however, find those hyperborean forests less penetrable than the waters of the lake, and you will at once wander back to the shore.

At the Saut there may be gay sport among those dashing waters for a few days; suppose you try it: take a canoe, float in the rapids above, and with a scoop net plunge among the speckled trout and bring up—not so many as will break your net, but say one, say two—if you get any you will be smart. I have looked at aborigines bring up scores in that way among those dashing rapids, but for

my own part I could not raise a fin. There is required a skill obtained only by long practice that can succeed in this kind of sport; the well-skilled eye of the Indian knows how and when. I prefer the more considerate and reflective method of hook and line.

I think there is no member of the scaly tribe so beautiful as the brook or speckled trout; they seem to be a combination of silver and gold and green backs, more of the former than the latter. When Dr. Garlick was engaged in his efforts to demonstrate the practicability of propagating this noble fish, he gave to our citizens an exhibition of his family of fish—school, I should say. It was a *high school*, I can tell you; a huge glass reservoir, as completely filled with those lovely fellows in all sizes from his stately mother-fish the Naiad Queen to the merest, tiniest minnow, all disporting in high gleam. He seemed to have his school under good government, especially the older members; when he desired to change their habitation, they did not seem unwilling to get into his hand while he quietly laid them in another pool.

While the doctor was busy with his enterprise in Mill Creek, Newburgh, and having succeeded to a great degree in raising trout to a marketable standard, an innocent neighbor threw a rod and line to the pond and had strung quite a "mess" ere the doctor discovered the poacher. Incensed to a great degree and upon the spur of the moment, he fell upon the Teuton and gave him a bit of a dressing out as a warning for the future. Not liking this manner of treatment the fisherman had the doctor appear at court, wherein he was compelled to pay a penalty; learning that the man was innocent of harm and poor in purse, the doctor very freely paid his fine and gave the fellow ten dollars in order to procure his fish at other markets.

As for me, my love for fishing came early; if I remember aright, the choicest morsel that ever touched my palate was a string of perch my mother fried for me—fish I caught with my own hook, baited with angle-worm dug with my own fingers; I think I can taste them now, so brown, so sweet, so crisp; I really don't think I have tasted any since that were so nice. I love to go fishing just as well now as forty and more years ago, but then I don't, and why is it? It is the cares of life. Fix a day ever so often, and there is something to prevent. It is not the fish I want; when I have a glorious big catch, and after a few have seen them as a living witness to prove my word, I generally give them away. It is, then, not the fish I want. And there is not much if any recreation in it, and sometimes I get wet and hungry, and get no fish, still I want to go just the same some other day. I have a friend who is one of the best naturalists of the age, and angles often and often, but he can't fish afloat; the motion of the waves gives him dizziness. Now that gentle rise and fall is one of the best features to me. I can't say that there is much fun on the docks with a rod and line, but far up the stream, with a good shade and a quiet deep pool, I could devote a half-day, and perhaps more.

Fifteen years ago this very month, a party of us set out for the upper lakes for a grand exploration and fishing excursion. My young companion, who is as ardent as a summer sun could make him, had the rarest and best tackle that could be found. Our boat lay to at Detroit for repairs, and, not to lose any valuable time, Frank threw a line in the stream with a patent fly at the end; he felt a nibble, then a fierce bite: up came the line with eager joy, confident of a big fish—nothing but a poor drowned puppy-dog and a brick-bat. The next effort he lost his hook and line among the debris below. When you get a good *bona fide* bite, there is something like telegraphing going on; there are lots of electricity. If the fish is not an electric one, he has electrified you from head to foot; and when you see him flopping and floundering in the bottom of your boat, his eyes are not half the size of yours—"My eyes, what a fish! he will weigh five pounds if an ounce, and he must be full twenty inches long." M.

## BOSTON.

Boston, July, 1864.

STUDY and studio are nearly deserted, for all the world is making haste to go a-summering. I am beginning to miss the intellectual faces usually seen conning the books upon the table, shelf, and window-sill at Little & Brown's. They who are accustomed to see their names over the imprint of Ticknor & Fields are falling off in their visits at the old corner, and the newly organized firm is left interrupted to the carpentry and rearranging that the hot weather quiet gives them time to undertake. Mr. Field's sanctum is not thronged with his friends as in the cooler months, and he is left more to the silent companionship of those genial faces that crowd his walls. There is Goethe's massy front, above a fragment of his genuine script, a head that Dr. Holmes looks upon as the finest developed cranium in all portraiture. There is Jean Paul's open, hearty face. There is Eliot's cramped posture over his desk, a photograph of a drawing that I recall no engraving of, and quite expressive of the man, but to which it is possible De Quincey refers when speaking of Hazlitt's portrait prefixed to Talfourd's life of Lamb, in these words: "The whole-length sketch is better, but the nose appears to me much exaggerated in its curve." The nose in this copy is

certainly rather large for fit proportions, and is brought into prominence by the profile and the poise of the head as he sits braced forward over a book, his arms supporting his weight, while his attenuated legs sprawl uselessly backward. Talfourd rather daintily speaks of his scant frame and limbs as "a diminutive and shadowy stem" to support the importance and even dignity of his finely placed head. The sketch, too, bears out De Quincey's description of Lamb's head, when comparing it with Wordsworth's, as "absolutely truncated in the posterior region—sawn off, as it were, by no timid sawyer." Of the shanks in this drawing, so slender are they, it does seem absolutely necessary to consider them a caricature, or a deformity as apparent as in the well-known drawing of Randolph of Roanoke. The portrait, too, of the lamented Hawthorne is of the number of this silent conclave, a head that grew in weight with years, attaining a massiveness that never wholly eclipsed the delicacy that marks the earlier likenesses. I must here say, by the way, that Dr. Holmes was not so circumspect as were well in allowing an unhappy inference to spring from his remarks on Hawthorne's death in the last *Atlantic*. "The history of his disease must, I suppose, remain unwritten, and perhaps it is just as well that it should be so," carries with it no determinative deduction, and therein lies the mischief. The luckless little sentence elicited curiosity, and curiosity begot surmises, until one got to hear it rumored that here was a victim of the poet's intellectual frenzy, whose "confessions," with his fine imagination, might have been as startling as those which made the reputation of De Quincey. All this gossip is unjust to the departed, and his friend's unwise references have led to results he would of all others been gladly guiltless of. If there was any infirmity naturally growing out of the depression of his bodily health, the veil had been better drawn and kept so, without the glimpse that could only pique the curiosity and give rise to undesired surmises. It is a great pity that the very proper tribute that Dr. Holmes made to his memory should have given rise to anything that can rest in men's minds so dissociatively with the image of the man that has grown out of his writings. Emerson's rather tentative countenance confronts you here also in the crayon, more happy in the delineation than a sufferer under the Emersonian probe would like to see, since that mouth is the very one that essayed to know your caliber, and, if it was found wanting, there was a conscious half-disgust at your ministration in the folded lines of the eyes that rendered you uncomfortable and that you do not like to recall. You turn to the "Country Parson" sitting there in his full canonicals, and feel quite at ease. You have no apprehension that a man of his look could curl you up like a withered leaf. Holmes's cheery countenance farther reassures you; and you might take the arm of Lothar Motley and walk down the fashionable side of Beacon street without laying you open to the charge of assurance in keeping company with a great historian—as far as the crowd you meet could judge from externals.

Such are but few of this quiet convocation, sitting like a bench of judges in deliberation over the new members of the literary bar that Mr. Attorney Fields engages now and then to move admittance to practice before the public. It is a weary summer work over the diverse scrawls and scratches of the manuscript piles in the editor's drawer, and if the countless aspirants for contributing to the *Atlantic* do not receive urgent letters for just such another article as their last, let them charitably suppose that deciphering hieroglyphics in dog-days is as slow work as making out Grant's cipher after a drawn battle for the honorable Secretary of War, and not very attractive when all the rest of the world is a-summering.

So artist, author, gentleman, are just now all scattered, or making the fit preparation. The literary circles of Cambridge hold together no longer than for Commencement to come and pass, and then "Ho! we'll go vacation, ing." A week hence you may pass along her street, where

"In red brick, which softening time defies,  
Stand square and stiff the Muses' factories,"

without meeting an operative at those looms where the woof and warp of experience and learning are woven into character. There are few places men resort to and are gladder to get out of than this university town, where of old, as her poet sang, "Mud and dust the equal year divide," but since the advent of watering carts it is one continuous sequence of mud upon mud. Should you chance to find a stray student still beneath her roofs, you must look for him away on a stroll by the margin of Fresh Pond, or may be sauntering by the Braver Brook that Lowell has sung of, or extending his walk to the Waverley Oaks that Agassiz speaks of in his last popular paper.

From Cambridge to Nahant is a welcome change, and Longfellow takes it with the rest. Prescott and Felton are both gone from the scholarly coterie that were wont to add charms to the spot. The neighborhood of the sea is a wonderful spell upon many of our fervent spirits. Landor was right when he said that the least tranquil thing in nature was the most potent tranquilizer of an

excited soul. Follow the shore north and wescan through Swampscott and Beverly the happy retreat of many a one whose winters have been warm with brain-work. A little farther on, at Manchester, perched upon its bluff and looking far away over the ocean, the summer home of the elder Dana is vacant, the first time for many a season. An invalid in his family forbids this time the customary change from town to country. Inland, through the White Mountain region, among the verdant hills of Vermont, nestled quietly away in Berkshire, and down among the Puritan associations of the old colony, they are all gone, many of them, at least, recuperating for the new work of the cooler weather. I may take a glance at them here and there before the summer is over. W.

## LONDON.

LONDON, June 29, 1864.

## ART.

This morning I passed by the door of the house where lived the ugly, almost misshapen physically, and the crabbed and miserly morally, man who covered the walls of every parlor in England, and many in other parts of the world, with beauty. One's heart beats quicker passing the spot near Covent Garden where Turner lived and labored. Many years did it take the English people to learn that the fourth great landscape painter of the world's history had been at his task in the center of dingy, toiling London; and when at last they rushed in to applaud and wonder, the spirit had passed onward for ever. But now how much time is given to the study and copying of Turner! By engravings, by colored prints, water-colors, and every other conceivable method, his works are reproduced. But lately two young ladies, the sisters Bertalacci, have devoted themselves to the work of reproducing his choicest works by careful photographs, and they have succeeded in a way to win the opinion from John Ruskin that in no other way have Turner's best pictures been so faithfully and beautifully reproduced. These ladies have just issued Turner's "England and Wales," and the extent to which they have preserved the grandest points of the great master is wonderful. It is certainly the sun that can best illustrate a star. Whilst I am on the subject of art, let me mention that a charming little picture (not larger than seven inches in diameter) by Raphael, said to have been painted by him when he was only twelve years old, has just been sold. It represents Charles VIII. of France. It was knocked down at auction to Baron de Rothschild for 2,700 francs.

A painter of much force in his line has just died, George Lance. Since 1828 he has been a regular and successful contributor of fruit and flower pieces to the Royal Academy, and his not being a member of that institution has been long brought a charge of narrowness and prejudice against it. He has three exquisite pieces of this kind in the Vernon Gallery. But he was not restricted to flower and fruit pieces. His "Melancthon" gained the great prize at Liverpool. It is he who accomplished the great work of restoring Velasquez's "Boar Hunt" in the National Gallery. He was born in Essex, at Little Easton, in 1802.

## SCIENCE.

Mr. Joseph Jibb, watchmaker of Whithorn, Wigtonshire, has ascertained some important facts concerning that classic bird the cuckoo, which has been honored by introduction in symphonies by Haydn and others, and whose supposed habits of sitting upon other birds' nests has (some say) given a certain unmentionable word to the English tongue (vide Shakespeare *passim*). Dr. Fleming, an eminent Scotch naturalist of the last generation, ventured to speak a kind word for this bird (not a prepossessing one in appearance, as I think), but was contradicted when he said that it occasionally constructed its own nest. But his view has been confirmed by Mr. Jibb's observation of a cuckoo which had been for some time building her nest. She was attended by another bird, of species unknown, which constantly brought her materials for the work. This attendant acted solely as a hodman during the work. The cuckoo also began and is now engaged in the work of incubation, attended still by the small bird.

The Paris correspondent of to-day's *Times* gives an interesting account of the first attempt to fish by electric light which has just been made at Dunkirk. The light was supplied by a pile on Bunsen's principle, composed of about fifty elements, and, though it was attended with much inconvenience, succeeded tolerably well. The next attempt was with the magneto-electric machine. The experiments had the double object, first, of proving how the light produced would act under water; second, to discover what effect the light would produce on the fish. The first object was satisfactorily accomplished at least; it was demonstrated that the lights of the magneto-electric machine are applicable to all submarine works. The light was constant under one hundred and eighty feet of water, and extended over a large surface. The machine was at a distance of more than three hundred feet from the regulator of the electric light. The glass sides of the lantern remained perfectly transparent, and the quantity of coal consumed was less than if it were in the open air. In these parts the experimenters caught bigger fish than they anticipated.

## HEENAN.

The Benicia Boy has reached the climax of his sorrows. He is one of the most serious sufferers by the recent collision of trains at Egham during the Ascot races. Heenan looked from his carriage window when the alarm was given, and seeing that a collision was inevitable, jumped from the platform whilst the train was in motion. He fell heavily and so injured his spine that he has suffered from a series of fits ever since. His life is in danger.

## ELSTON RACES.

At the Elston races on Thursday the horse "Weather-proof" distinguished himself, not by winning the race, but in the following way: He bolted in the race, and, on returning to the course, struck down a boy, without doing him much injury; kicked another boy, seriously injuring him in the forehead and eye; came into collision with an open carriage, grazing the face of a young lady in it, overturning the driver and bruising his nose; then fell down and broke his own leg. The jockey kept his seat during these maneuvers, and got calmly off when the final catastrophe came.

## LITERARY.

The friends of the late W. J. Fox, M.P., for Oldham, and author of numerous political and religious works, have resolved to build a neat monument to him in the unconsecrated grounds of Brompton Cemetery where he is buried, and also to publish a condensed edition of his works, which are scattered here and there and never had a fair appearance. Some of these works are of considerable value, especially the "Religious Ideas" and a lecture on "Class Morality." Mr. Fox wrote the first reviews in public recognition of the genius of both Tennyson and Robert Browning. He wrote the first article in the first number of the *Westminster Review*.

The literary gossip of the week is entirely overshadowed by the Kearsarge and Alabama fight, to such an extent that one often hears the sigh of Voltaire, "I hate war; it spoils conversation." There has been a rather interesting book about the Ionian Islands published here, "Edited by Viscount Kirkwall," and in the absence of anything in the way of items from Paternoster Row, I lay on the Round Table two bits of pleasant Ionian gossip therefrom:

"On every Easter-eve, a gun is fired as a signal at eleven A.M.; and at the same instant, from the windows and tops of all the houses in Corfu, great quantities of crockery are discharged into the streets. For this memorable occasion, all broken or cracked earthenware jugs and dishes are carefully preserved throughout the year. The supposition is that good Christians are storing, in imagination, the traitor Jew. The Greeks will not readily confess this fact to strangers, yet it is generally believed. On Saturday, the 14th of April, 1860, I too use a sporting phrase very nearly came to grief from a misunderstanding in regard to this custom. I had been led to believe that operations were to commence at noon. But about two minutes to eleven I was riding quietly along the Line Wall, on my way home, when I observed that the streets were usually empty. My suspicions being excited, I asked of a man in a dougla if it were not at twelve that the gun would be discharged. He replied that it would be fired in a minute or two. I instantly set spurs to my horse, and galloped to my house at racing speed. Just as I had reached the door, the gun went off, and down came the crash of crockery from the houses. From the moment the crockery falls, guns and pistols are fired in all directions."

"Lascaris remembered the time when glass in the windows was a great rarity in Argostoli. The young doctors returning from the Italian colleges often brought with them small window frames fitted with glass to put up in their rooms, and thus to astonish the natives by their unaccustomed luxury. He told me some curious characteristics of the seclusion of the ladies in Cephalonia in former times. When the British officers were first quartered in Argostoli, about fifty years ago, as they never saw ladies, they inquired if it were a city only inhabited by men. On learning that the town really contained fair ladies, but that custom secluded them from the sight of strangers, the young officers resolved to obtain a peep to satisfy their curiosity by a notable scheme. They hired a number of donkeys, to which they appended plenty of bells. Then, mounting upon these animals with their faces toward the walls, they proceeded to ride through the streets. The ludicrous scene brought the whole population to the windows, and the officers returned to their quarters, joyfully exclaiming, 'At last we have seen the ladies!' When my friend was a youth, the shoe-makers were not allowed to see young ladies who required their services. The doors of the rooms were provided with holes through which the ladies passed their feet in order to be measured."

The Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph gives the following account of the existence of an institution in London of a kind which, it has been generally supposed, was confined to the Continent:

"We have a house at Islington—No. 3 Oakley-crescent, City-road—where outcast women and children, both boys and girls, orphans, and foundlings are received. A cradle is placed in the recess of the porch, in which the wretched women may place their infants, as on the Continent, and by ringing a bell inform the sisters that another soul claims their care. We hope, by this means, to lessen in some measure the revolting crime of child murder. At Chiswick we have a small house, containing a lying-in ward for women who have fallen for the first time, and a laundry to give employment to our outcast females. The society of St. Joseph is at present small, and few know the privations we have undergone during the last few months."

A project of marriage between the eldest daughter of the Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil, and the Archduke Louis Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria, has been broken off. By Maximilian's acceptance of the Mexican throne Louis Victor comes nearer to the Austrian throne; so fresh matrimonial negotiations have been entered into. Don Pedro's eldest daughter is to be married instead to the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, former President of the Council of Ministers in Prussia.

The July number of *Macmillan's Magazine* will contain a full notice of Hawthorne, from the pen of Edward Dicey, who, when in America, was for a time Mr. Hawthorne's guest. An article on "The Transcendentalists of

Concord" is forthcoming in *Fraser*. Miss F. P. Cobbe's new book will be upon Italy.

I was mistaken in saying that Mr. Robert Browning's father was dead—having been misled by the announcement of the death of a R. Browning, of Margate, at an advanced age, which one of his acquaintances told me was the father. The next day after writing you I saw the poet looking bright and happy. He is hard at work as always—this time on a thrilling Italian romance. M. D. C.

## PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1864.

Is the general derangement of business, and especially under the feeling of uncertainty and want of confidence, produced, perhaps to a greater extent here than farther North, by the exciting events of the past two weeks, any degree of activity in the book trade is hardly to be looked for. And this apathy extends to all classes of publishers; the firms whose publications are works of permanent interest are not more indisposed to venture than those the product of whose press are the books of the hour; and the number of such, the paper covers, is most sensibly less than usual at this season. The Messrs. Martien have lately published "The Book of Common Prayer," as amended by the Presbyterian divines in the Royal Commission of 1661, and in agreement with the Directory for public worship of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The publication of this work at the present time is of great interest, as exhibiting the growing desire for a form of worship among all denominations of the Protestant Church. In the language of the publishers, "The publication is designed, and is believed to be fitted, to develop the spirit of catholicity and fraternity between such churches of the Reformation as originally contributed to the formation of the English Prayer Book, by restoring to more general use those ancient formulas which are their several productions or common inheritance, and, next to the Holy Scriptures, the closest visible bond of their unity." The beautiful liturgy of the English Church is here embodied, altered in such few points of matter or direction as the Westminster divines could not subscribe to, and following, of course, in this American edition, the alterations of that of the American Episcopal Church, which are only "such as local circumstances require." The general adoption of this Directory by the Presbyterian Church would be a source of rejoicing to every thinking and feeling man, and to none more, I am sure, than to him of the Episcopal Church, who must rejoice in this vindication of his devotion to that form of worship to which he has been accustomed to look up with something like awe for its antiquity and wide-spread influence, and with loving admiration for its beauty and simplicity. Messrs. Martien's edition, which is handsomely gotten up, includes a supplementary treatise, *Liturgia Expurgata*, a historical and critical review of the Prayer Book, by the Rev. Charles W. Shields, D.D., the editor. The same firm has also published a new work by the Rev. Dr. Geo. Judkin—"The Two Commissions: the Apostolical and the Evangelical." From the Presbyterian Board come a number of books, chiefly for the Sunday-school; among these is a very little volume which might be expanded into quite an interesting book: "The Coins of the Bible," by J. Ross Snowden. Col. Snowden was, under the last Administration, Director of the Mint, and so might be considered authority; he has labored, however, so hard for simplicity in writing this book for children as to be decidedly unsatisfactory. Among the juveniles published by this house I notice one which from its title, and but for its imprint, one would take to be a burlesque on the prevailing style of biography; it is, "Teddy the Bill-poster, and how he became Uncle Aleck's Right-hand Man." I think that rather funny. Ashmead & Evans have in press a "Life of Gen. Hancock," which, though it will probably have one of these double-headed titles, should meet with a good reception. Few of the popular heroes of the day are more enthusiastically idolized, especially in this native state, than this gallant young commander. His life cannot fail to be interesting, though he probably never handled hides nor wound bobbins, and Major Penniman, who is also the author of the "Life of Gen. Grant," has seen service, and is able graphically to describe the stirring scenes through which his hero has passed.

I was shown, the other day, by one of our prominent publishers, the manuscript of a work which will probably soon go to press, and whose publication may be looked for with great interest. It is a "Dictionary of English Surnames," by John Henry Alexander, Esq. The researches into the derivations of surnames have hitherto been very limited, consisting mainly of inquiries into the history of prominent family names, or of names remarkable for some singularity of formation, or some fanciful or obscure etymology. The importance of the subject, intimately associated as it is with the history of nations and of languages, may be seen at a glance, and the amount of labor and research necessary to what aims to be an exhaustive catalogue of English surnames can be imagined. Mr. Alexander has brought to bear upon his work an able scholarship and an untiring energy, and the result must prove of great importance not only to the philologist and the historian, but to the general inquirer as well. The "London Directory," which



contains upward of twenty thousand distinct names, is taken as the basis of the dictionary. The etymology of each of these names is carefully traced, the names with which it is connected, noted, and the corresponding names in other languages. I might cite examples from the list of names which would indicate the great interest of the work, but at present I can only give an idea of its general scope, and hope it may not be long before it is given to the world. C.

## RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

THE article in your paper on the subject of religious journals was a well-ordered and appropriate criticism on the conduct of a religious paper which boasts of having the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the country. That a paper professing to furnish pabulum for spiritual thought, and to be worthy of admission to the home altar and the sanctuary, should contain so much of politics and purely secular reading, to say nothing of the innumerable and in many instances exceptionable advertisements with which its columns are filled, and be tolerated by the Christian community, is certainly a wonder to more than the editor of the ROUND TABLE. It cannot be that religious papers are obliged to go outside of their legitimate province, and enter the lists with professional journalists, in furnishing their readers with political, commercial, and general intelligence, from any want, conceived or felt, that the secular papers do not abundantly and faithfully supply all this. If the slightest ground existed for their establishment on this account, there would be still infinitely less reason why these papers should be filled with promiscuous advertisements, some of which are of the most pernicious and immoral character. It must certainly be that religious papers which resort to this course do so from purely mercenary considerations, and the inference is that papers conducted on strictly religious principles, or for exclusively religious objects, will not, in worldly parlance, pay. If so, it either argues the want of a demand on the part of the religious public for an exclusively religious paper, and hence the non-necessity of its establishment, or a want of a higher tone of religious sentiment in regard to the true province of such a paper.

That the laity should be editors and proprietors of such papers, and devote themselves to "serving tables" of this description, might not be considered remarkable, but even they would not be excusable in furnishing pernicious food for the spiritual household, or in bringing "lame or diseased sacrifices" or "strange fire to the altar" of Christianity; but that the clergy, the priests of the temple, who should have "clean hands and pure hearts," and who are, according to their profession, "moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon themselves the office and work of the ministry," and whose ordination vow obliges them to give themselves exclusively to that work, should turn editors and publishers, is startlingly so. It cannot be that the genius and mission of the Christian Church has so far changed since the days of Christ, his Apostles, and immediate successors, that the burden resting upon the ministry is removed. While the world's harvest still remains, and is not only ripe for the sickle, but absolutely perishing in the field for want of gathering and garnering, the cry of the Great Master thunders, "Go ye into all the world and publish the Gospel to every creature." This is the united work of the church and the ministry: the church to pray and give and send; the ministry to go. Not until the world is saved can the ministry turn aside to any other work without involving themselves in condemnation, unless indeed the words of Christ are a fable and the Gospel a sham.

It would seem, from the way things are going, that the church can popularize almost anything, and baptize raffles, mock religious ceremonies, lotteries, sham post-offices, and other things, with a Christian name, and hence "money changers," gold gamblers, and shoddy speculators may find secure refuge in the sanctuary.

But to return to religious papers. There are others besides the *Independent* against which the shaft of faithful Christian criticism should be pointed. It would be unfair to make one religious paper among so many the scapegoat to bear off between its horns all the sins of the religious press, even in New York. It has sins enough in all conscience to answer for, without the imputation of the sins of all the rest. I occasionally see a copy of a paper bearing a more religious title than the one alluded to—the official organ of the Methodist Church, authorized and sanctioned by the General Convention of said denomination, edited and published by three doctors of divinity, all of whom in an eminent sense belong to a Church which professes more piety than its sister denominations, whose founder felt himself "thrust out" from the Established Church to engage in the specific "work of raising a holy people," whose prime condition—the *very sine qua non*—of accepting preachers from among his followers was that they should give themselves up wholly to the work of "spreading Scriptural holiness over the land." The paper edited and published by these sons of Wesley, a copy of which is now before me, is an eight-page sheet, of forty-eight columns. An analysis shows thirteen columns of advertisements, in which bitters and balsams, sarsaparilla and sewing machines, pills and powders, figure con-

spicuously. There are eight columns of correspondence, a large portion of which is on worthless controversies "concerning forms of government and church economy, of no earthly or spiritual interest whatever, leading frequently to bitter personalities and low abuse. There are eight columns of miscellaneous articles and poetry, a column of "wit and humor," in which are some of the most silly and ridiculous items. The remainder, except about four columns of editorial, is made up of political and general reading, scraps of art, science, literature, agriculture, etc., missionary notices and obituaries. The leading editorial has scarcely a word of religion in it, and the other editorials are of the same cast. Among the items are ridiculous and extravagant puffs of books and articles of manufacture, which are thus the more readily palmed off upon the public for having a religious sanction. One would think it a singular way of "spreading Scriptural holiness over the land" by spreading advertisements of quack medicines, song books, and sewing machines, and engaging in the manufacture of photographic albums, which this publishing house does largely. Why not, seeing that such a course cannot have the slightest bearing upon the advancement of religion, and the only object is to make money; why not add other manufactures, such as clocks, stereoscopes, sewing machines, and, as in this immense publishing house there are tons of dead books on its shelves, why not "thrust out" a little and establish a "gift book" department, and thus increase the spread of Scriptural knowledge, if not "Scriptural holiness?" Seriously, Mr. Editor, such things should not be, and I beg of you to go on, and I bid you God speed in your work of candid and enlightened criticism. OBSERVER.

## SCIENCE.

It has been suggested by Dr. Desmarts, of Bordeaux, France, that the venom of different reptiles, properly administered, like other vegetable and mineral poisons, might be of some service in medicine. In India, birds stung by certain spiders will remain in a state of apparent death for several hours and then return to life again. In this country, the savages at the far West and Southwest, who are in possession of the terrible woorall or curare poison, into which they dip their arrows, know how to graduate the dose so as to benumb the victim, if they do not choose to kill it. Why, then, might not medical men, by the judicious inoculation of venomous substances, obtain good effects from the peculiar action of each, as in administering arsenic, prussic acid, or strychnine?

—Sir John Herschel, in an article in the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, throws out the suggestion whether the original exciting cause of solar spots may not be found in the circulation of an elliptic ring of planetary matter, in a state of division sufficiently minute to elude telescopic vision.

—Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., it is said, may be prevented by throwing red pepper pods, or a few pieces of charcoal, into the vessel where they are boiled.

—The white swelling has been successfully treated in France, in the following manner: Long linen compresses, covered with a plaster composed of 40 grams of Neapolitan ointment, 20 grams of medicinal soap, and 10 grams of belladonna; over these compresses slips of diachylon plaster, circularly arranged and enveloping the whole knee-joint; over this a thick and strong dextrined bandage, and lastly, a bandage rolled up from the knee to the thigh. For the space of eight months the dressing was renewed at first once a week, then every twelfth day, then once a fortnight. General treatment and regimen were prescribed, and although the patient's limb was much larger than the other, and a fistula had broken out under the knee-pan, and the pain dreadful, admitting neither exercise nor sleep, or appetite, which caused fever, in eight months the limb was almost entirely restored, excepting that it was somewhat smaller than the other.

—The Russian Government have ordered 220 guns of 8-inch, 9-inch, and 11-inch bore, all rifled muzzle-loaders, together with a number of steel shot and adjusting cylinders for loading. The value of the contract will be about \$3,000,000. The 11-inch gun will weigh about 27½ tons, and cost \$30,000. The extreme length is 17 feet 2 inches. The diameter at the re-enforce is 47½ inches. The whole gun is of cast steel, and the barrel alone will require an ingot of 40 tons in weight, upon which cast steel rings of a peculiar form are shrunk.

—In 1834 ten thousand tons of slate were shipped from Portmadoc, in Wales; in 1863, seventy-six thousand tons. This is from the district known as the Vale of Festiniog, and the shipments from Bangor and Caernarvon have increased in almost an equal ratio. The demand is so brisk at present for good slate that the buyers, as a rule, have to wait about twelve months before their orders are executed, and there is no doubt that double the yield of the quarries could be easily disposed of.

—A diminution of expense in reducing lead from the ore is effected by the use of tin scraps. Five hundred pounds of Galena are mixed with one hundred and twenty-five pounds of tin scraps in a reverberatory furnace, and kept at an intense heat, the charge being stirred every fif-

teen minutes; in one or two hours the whole mass becomes fluid and the reduction complete. It has been found best to introduce one-half of the charge of tin scraps and allow it to become red hot, when the ore and the remainder of the scraps are added. Besides the cheaper and more rapid reduction of the ore by this process, the tin of the scraps is mixed with the lead, increasing the yield, and for many purposes improving the quality. Tin scraps, instead of being thrown away, will hereafter be of value.

—A gunmaker in Paris, named Gevelot, has just executed several models of a new fire-arm. It consists of a musket with a revolver attached to the stock in such manner that it may be fired off by the soldier with his left hand while defending himself with the bayonet.

—A new fishing lamp has been invented, which consists principally of a lantern, air-tight and water-tight, having a double roof to rarify the air, from which it is conveyed by pipes to the foot of the burner. This air is supplied by means of a flexible tube, and a similar tube is fitted to the roof to carry off the smoke and consumed air. It may be constructed for oil or gas. It can be let down into the water twelve feet or more to allure the fish, which are readily attracted by the glare of the light, and which almost insure success. It may also be used with advantage for the examination of submerged ships.

—It has been satisfactorily ascertained by actual experiment that the surplus heat in the steam is not sufficient to evaporate enough water to fill its own volume with saturated steam and thus keep up the pressure, much less to increase it so greatly as to produce an explosion. The theory of boiler explosions from the mixing of water with superheated steam may then be regarded as settled.

—In France no less than 500,000,000 of francs are annually expended in the purchase of guano, bones, phosphate of lime, and other artificial manures, but, as in America, great frauds are committed by adulteration. It is also said that the oxalic acid contained in guano, hitherto overlooked, is an ingredient of prime importance.

—The presence of the new metal indium, recently discovered by Messrs. Reich and Richter, is indicated in the spectroscopy by two blue lines, one of which, the brighter, corresponds to the division 98 of the scale, and the other 135. In some cases this mode of analysis becomes unnecessary, as the moment the indium salt is placed in the flame of the Bunsen lamp it communicates to it a bright violet tinge, which they consider sufficiently characteristic.

—Ammonia is composed of 3 atoms of hydrogen and 1 of nitrogen; by weight, 3 pounds of hydrogen to 14 of nitrogen.

—At Burt's Armory, in Windsor Locks, Conn., a steel chip was recently turned from a gun-barrel of English steel, that measured in the "crook" two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and when straightened three hundred and forty-two feet, which is believed to be without a parallel in steel turning.

—Metals boil at the following temperatures, Fahrenheit: Cadmium at 1,328; zinc, 1,688; silver, 1,681; gold, 1,879; palladium, 2,517; platinum, 2,690. The instrument employed in this calculation is the thermo-electrical pile. The figures are lower than when the determination is made by the air pyrometer.

—Sumac contains a large quantity of tannic acid in its leaves and bark, and is useful in tanning leather.

—The rebels have invented a new method of planting torpedoes in rivers, without exposing their persons, by fastening their machines to a barrel containing clock-work, and a small anchor. The torpedo, clock-work, and anchor are so connected that at a certain time the machinery will let the anchor go and moor the infernal machine at any point. The torpedo is dropped in the stream some distance above its final locality, and the sower of these infernal seeds has only to calculate the time it takes to reach the desired spot to insure its proper and safe delivery.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN BRADBURN.—The Battle-Fields of our Fathers, by Virginia F. Townsend. Naomi Torrente, the history of a woman, by Gertrude F. De Vinet. The Cradle of Rebellion, a History of the Secret Societies of France, by Lucien De La Hodde.

DICK & FITZGERALD.—The Story of a Trooper, with much of interest concerning the Campaign on the Peninsula not before written, by F. Colburn Adams. Book First.

SHELDON & Co.—West Point Battle Monument. History of the project to the dedication of the site, June 15, 1864: Oration by Major-General McClellan.

HARPER BROTHERS.—Religious Training of Children in the School, the Family, and the Church, by Catharine E. Beecher. The Ladder of Life, a heart history, by Amelia B. Edwards.

CHARLES DENIVER, Philadelphia, Pa.—The Standard Letter-Writer for the People, by J. W. O'Neill. Standard Hand-Book of Household Economy for the People, by M. Guillaume St. Jean. Soyer's Standard Cookery for the People, by Alexis Soyer.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.—The Story of a City Arab.

IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co.—The Golden Censer, by William B. Bradbury.

MASON BROTHERS.—The Mistakes and Failures of the Temperance Reformation.

J. W. MONTCLAIR.—Real and Ideal: a collection of Metrical Compositions, by J. W. Montclair.

M. W. DODD.—The Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time, by the author of "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," with an Introduction by Prof. Henry B. Smith, D.D.

REV. DANIEL BLISS, D.D.—Act of Incorporation, Constitution, and By-Laws of the Syrian Protestant College, at Beirut, Syria.

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NOISES IN THE HEAD.

DISCHARGES FROM THE EARS,

CATARRH,

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Scrofula,  
Bronchial Affections, Throat Difficulties,Diseased Eyes, Loss of Hair, Dyspepsia, Enlargement of  
the Liver, Disease of the Kidneys, Constipation, Gravel,  
Piles, Insanity, Fits, Paralysis, Rush of Blood to the Head,  
Consumption, Canker, Cancers, Tumors, with all and every  
disease which infest the human body, cured effectually by

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No boring with instruments.

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No pouring medicines down the throat.

The Metaphysical Discovery will reach every spot that in-  
struments will reach, and thousands of places besides.

There is but one root in the human body which gives  
birth to and sustains the life of disease, no matter what  
name is given to disease; no matter where or how located  
in the system; no matter how long standing, or whether it  
be hereditary or not. I might call the diseases which the  
body is subjected to, from ignorance of the first cause,  
Legion. Remember I do not treat disease, I treat the Cause;  
remember also there is but one cause. Everything over-  
lying that is an effect. Were I to treat effects, I should only  
be hastening patients to their long resting-place in the lone  
churchyard, where they are now carried in thousands  
daily.

Reader, stop drugging and boring! Betake yourself to  
thought and use your common sense and reason. You will  
find that every attempt to prevent and remove disease from  
the human system has signally failed up to the present  
time. Now, I say with confidence to the world, try my  
Metaphysical Discovery. No matter what the disease is that  
has taken hold of you or your children, test this medicine.  
It will annihilate the root, scattering the effects to the four  
winds.

Remember the Stomach and the Liver have nothing to do  
with the cause of disease. The treating of these organs for  
the cause has sent millions to an untimely grave.

Read the following remarkable certificates:

**REMARKABLE CURE OF DEAFNESS OF TWENTY  
YEARS' STANDING.**

I, John A. Newcomb, of Quincy, do certify that I have  
been entirely deaf in my left ear for twenty years; and for  
the past six years my right ear has been so deaf that I could  
not hear conversation or public speaking of any kind. I  
could not hear the church bells ring while I was sitting in  
the church. I have also been troubled for a number of years  
with a very sore throat, so that I was obliged to give up  
singing in church, and I had lost my voice. I had great  
trouble in my head, terrible noises almost to craziness. My  
head felt numb and stupid and was a source of constant  
trouble to me.

I tried every remedy that could be thought of. I went to  
surgeons; but as they wanted to use instruments I would have  
nothing to do with them. About one month since I obtained  
Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery, and used it ac-  
cording to the directions on the bottles. And the result is  
that the hearing of both ears is perfectly restored, so that I  
can hear as well as any man. The great trouble in my head  
is entirely gone. My head feels perfectly easy and at rest.  
My throat, which was so diseased, is entirely cured; and  
I have recovered my voice again. I would not take one thou-  
sand dollars for the benefit I have received in the use of  
Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery.

Read the following Certificates carefully.

**NEURALGIA.**

Certificate of Mr. J. P. Litch, of Charlestown.

This is to certify that nine weeks since I was attacked with  
Neuralgia in the most violent form. Several physicians  
were applied to who did all they could to relieve me, but to  
no purpose. Every patent medicine and remedy that could  
be found were applied without effect. My face was swollen  
and bandaged in order to find relief. Since the Neu-  
ralgia attacked me I lost twenty-seven pounds of flesh.

In this state, a friend of mine recommended me to try  
Mrs. M. G. Brown's Metaphysical Discovery, as it had  
cured a friend of his of very bad eyes, which had baffled  
the skill of the most eminent physicians. Consequently I  
went to Mrs. M. G. Brown's office, and obtained her Neu-  
rallycal Discovery on Saturday, the 19th inst. I applied it at  
four o'clock in the afternoon. The result was that Neuralgia  
subsided—almost immediately I felt relief. I slept well,  
without any poisons as before; and at the time of giving  
this certificate, the 21st inst., I consider myself delivered  
from my disease, and recommend the Metaphysical Dis-  
covery to all who are suffering.

**CURE OF CATARRH, ASTHMA, Etc.**

Mrs. Cheever, residing at No. 62 Allen street, Boston, says:  
I have been troubled for four years with sore throat. For  
two years I suffered with catarrh and great dizziness in my  
head. It seemed as if I was falling. I suffered greatly  
with asthma, it being hereditary in the family. I was dis-  
eased all over. I could not go where there was any dust.  
I had great pain in my head and neck. I have suffered much  
with cold feet. The bones in my neck were drawn out of  
place with the asthma, and my throat looked like raw beef.  
After applying to various physicians and obtaining no relief,  
I finally applied to Mrs. M. G. BROWN, by whose medicines  
I have been so much benefited that I can now sweep well,  
although I could not formerly go where there was any dust.  
I could not go to the door with my head uncovered without  
taking an attack of asthma.

My asthma is now entirely gone. My catarrh has wholly  
disappeared. I felt weak and languid for many years, so  
that it was a burthen to myself. The coldness of my feet  
has ceased, and I feel a general circulation through my en-  
tire system. I begin to feel as formerly, full of strength and  
vivacity, and can attend to household duties as well as ever  
I did in my life.

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amount as above stated and address MRS. M. G. BROWN, at  
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